

GREAT BATTLE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP

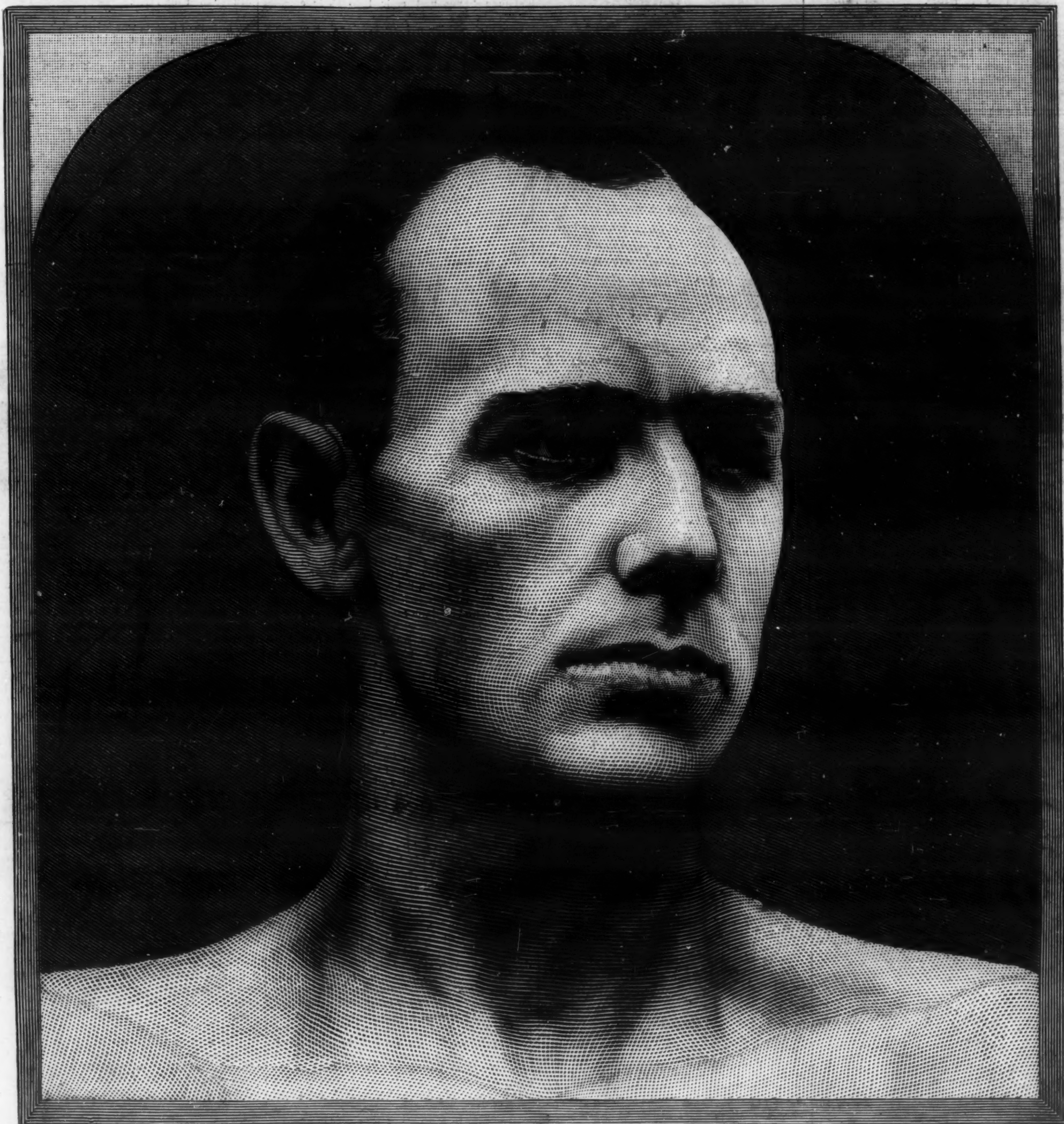
THE NATIONAL
POLICE EXTRA!
GAZETTE
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.

WHO GAINED THE TITLE OF CHAMPION BY VANQUISHING PETER MAHER.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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EXTRA!

FITZSIMMONS WINS!

He Knocks Out Peter Maher in
One Brief Round.

SPORTS WERE DISAPPOINTED.

They Expected a Fight of at
Least Five Rounds.

FOUGHT ON MEXICAN SOIL.

Fitzsimmons is Now Entitled to the
"Police Gazette" Belt.

CHALLENGED BY JAMES J. CORBETT.

At last, after weeks of preparation and training, and in the face of obstacles which seemed at one time to be almost insurmountable, the great battle of the pugilistic heavyweights has been fought.

It took place, notwithstanding the apparent opposition of the Greasers, on Mexican soil, near Langtry, Texas.

It will go down to history as one of the briefest fights on record, only one round being fought.

The blow that gave the battle to Robert Fitzsimmons, and which defeated the championship aspirations of Peter Maher was a right-hand punch on the jaw.

The train which the sports were on arrived at Langtry, Texas, at 4:30 o'clock New York time. It consisted of the five cars which had started from El Paso, Tex., occupied by a mixed assemblage of correspondents, rangers and most ardent followers of the game.

At Langtry the cars were switched on a siding.

After the ring had been erected and all preparations made for the fight, the hand-full of spectators sought desirable places at the ring side while the two rival pugilists prepared for business. They made their toilets in the cars in which they journeyed from El Paso, and when summoned to the ring stepped forth clad in trousers, overcoats and caps. Camp stools were placed in the corners for the use of the two men. Everything was in readiness now and Dan Stuart's face wore a smile as he saw the beginning of the fulfillment of his plan to bring off a championship fight in the face of the strongest combination of opposing conditions that ever involved an affair of this kind.

Governors, State Legislatures even the United State Congress and the President of the United States had arrayed themselves against him, but in spite of it all this sturdy Texan had, single handed, carried out his arrangements to a successful culmination.

No wonder his face lighted up with a smile of self satisfied gratification as his supporters gathered around to tender him congratulatory handshakes.

There sat Fitzsimmons and Maher eyeing each other while the final preparations were being made.

The Texan Rangers, too, they were there in the capacity of guardians of the public peace and morals, but as the ring was pitched in a locality where peace and morals cut little figure they did nothing more than lean against the sides of the railway coaches that stood conveniently near on a siding. Twenty-six of them, all big, sturdy fellows, armed with enough "blue hardware" to equip an arsenal. They were there under orders to see that the

law against prize fighting in the State of Texas was not violated. When it became a settled fact that the fight was to be decided on Mexican soil they became at once passive spectators of all that was going on, even displaying some eagerness to secure good places among the men who swarmed around the ring. A bright red ball of fire hung in the western sky indicating the beginning of the close of an eventful day, when Referee George Siler stepped into the ring and ordered the prospective contestants for world's championship honors to get ready. The superfluous clothing was discarded. In Maher's corner was John J. Quinn, his manager and backer, Buck Connolly, Peter Lavery and Jerry Marshall. Fitzsimmons was attended by Martin Julian, Jock Stenzler and Jack Everhart. Lew Houseman was the official timekeeper.

It was a scene that may probably never be witnessed again as the two great pugilists stepped to the centre of the ring to shake hands and listen to the referee's final admonitions not to transgress any of the rules.

Grouped about the ring were fistie enthusiasts from all over the country. Veteran attendants at ring encounters who only met from time to time when such an affair as the one now about to be enacted was on the tapis. They smiled and nudged each other exchanging condolences upon the probability that this would be the last time of meeting under similar circumstances.

Finally everything was ready. The men had shaken hands and retired to their corners awaiting the timekeepers summons. They were stripped for a long battle; that was evident. Each wore for his attire a breech clout and a pair of shoes. Mahers was decorated with a just "little bit o' Green," just for the 'ould d'arts sake, while the Cornishman's waist was adorned with a sash in which red was the predominate shade.

An hour previous the fighters had been instructed by Dan Stuart to be in readiness to enter the ring at a moment's notice.

So when the cars stopped both had been stripped and well rubbed down.

Along the sides of the train were twenty-six Rangers, under command of General Mabry. They were there for business purposes only and announced that the fight could not take place on the sacred soil of Texas.

As if to make things as disagreeable as possible, the weather turned cold and a drizzling rain set in.

From Langtry the crowd, with the fighters leading, headed for a small bridge which separates the United States from Mexico.

Within a few minutes from the time they left the train they were across the river in Mexico. A dozen men at once set to work to drive the ring stakes and set the ropes. The kinetoscope men were on hand with all their apparatus, but in view of the fact that the weather was very much against them, it seemed as if the camera must fall almost, if not entirely, of its purpose.

After the ring had been made it took some time to arrange the kinetoscope, and during that time the fighters, well wrapped in blankets, were surrounded by their seconds, who kept them cheered up with good advice.

"Time!" shouted Houseman, in a voice loud enough to be heard on the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains, whose outlines were plainly discernible through the deepening shadows.

Both men sprang nimbly to the centre of the ring and placed themselves in position. Only one feint, and Fitz led with his left. Maher backed towards his corner. Fitz landed with his right and a clinch followed.

Maher struck Fitz with his right hand while they were clinched, and Referee Siler warned him that if he did it again he would give the fight to Fitz.

Close in-fighting followed.

Maher succeeded in landing his left on Fitz's upper lip, drawing blood.

Fitz landed with his left and right. A clinch followed. Maher feinted. Fitzsimmons led with his right, but fell short. A mix-up followed in which Maher landed both right and left on either side of Fitzsimmons' head. Maher led with his left, and another clinch followed. Fitzsimmons seemed a bit bothered and broke ground on Maher's leads.

Maher followed him up and led with his left. Fitz side stepped, and, swinging his right, landed full on the point of Maher's jaw.

Maher measured his length on the floor, his head striking the canvas with great force. He vainly attempted to arise, but could do no more than raise his head. His seconds called on him to get up, but he failed to respond and fell back to the canvas.

Referee Siler tolled off the ten seconds and Maher again attempted to rise. He was too far dazed, however. Peter had not sufficient strength in his back to get up. One by one Referee Siler ominously tolled off the ten seconds while Maher vainly tried to rise.

The fatal tenth was counted, and Maher was declared out. Fitzsimmons' admirers cheered to the echo as Maher was carried to his corner. Fitzsimmons was announced the victor after one minute and thirty-five seconds of rather lively fighting.

It was several minutes before Maher realized what had happened to him. Fitzsimmons walked over to his corner and shook him by the hand. Fitz also shook hands with Quinn and the seconds in Peter's corner.

Barring the slight bleeding at the nostrils occasioned by the left hand jab of Maher, the

Australian showed no marks of injury and appeared as fresh as at the opening of hostilities.

By winning the battle from Maher, Fitzsimmons comes into possession of \$10,000 stake money and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt emblematic of the pugilistic championship of the world.

OFF TO THE BATTLE GROUND.

Sports Went by Special Train from El Paso Before Midnight.

EL PASO, TEX., Feb. 21st.

The start for the fighting was made at 10:15 to-night, from the Texas Pacific depot. The battle ground is still a secret with Stuart, who has absolutely refused to tell his closest friends, and even E. J. Rector and the men who are to build the ring are in the dark.

The scene about Stuart's headquarters on North Oregon street was comparatively quiet tonight until 4 o'clock. Then the crowd began to gather, for it had been given out by Wheelock, who has charge of all Dan Stuart's affairs here, that at 5 o'clock those looking after information would be satisfied.

When the important hour arrived and every one was on the tip-toe of expectation a notice was posted on the door and on the iron railing surrounding the office of Stuart, reading as follows:

"Those intending to witness the fight will have to be at this office at half-past nine to-night. The railway tickets will not cost over \$12 for the round trip.

"W. K. WHELOCK."

The sale of tickets was fairly brisk.

Each person was told simply to take the quarter-past ten o'clock Texas and Pacific train going south and ask no questions. Not another piece of information was given to anybody.

Stuart said, when the reports of the contemplated trouble reached his ears, that there would be enough men at the ring with the requisite amount of hardware in the hip pocket to squelch any outbreak.

Peter Maher, J. J. Quinn, Jim Hall, Trainer Lowrie, Jerry Marshall and the others of the Maher retinue came down from Las Cruces yesterday. The big Irishman, despite the stories of his not being in condition to fight a hard battle, never looked better in his life. With his mustache shaved off his face looked much better, and his skin was as brown as a berry. His eyes showed no trace of the affection which had compelled a postponement, though he said the strong rays of the sun still made him wink and occasionally wince. He said he never felt better, and expressed supreme confidence in his ability to whip Fitzsimmons on the morrow.

Fitz did no work yesterday. He came over to town early in the morning and returned at noon. A carriage was at the door, and at half-past seven the party was driven over the river to El Paso. Julian had in the meantime informed Mayor Ariola that Fitz and himself were going across the river, and the last injunction the Juarez official gave Julian was not to fight in Chihuahua. Julian gave his promise. Fitz was accompanied to the bridge that crosses the Rio Grande by Mexican cavalrymen, and then allowed to proceed without further surveillance so far as the Mexican authorities were concerned.

Mrs. Fitzsimmons, who is Julian's sister, cried like a child as her husband was leaving, and between sobs and hugs and kisses begged him to think of her while he was battling for the pugilistic supremacy. "Don't you fear," Bob reassured her. "I'll knock the head off that blooming Irishman." "Do, Bob, do," Mrs. Fitzsimmons answered, "and then you can go for that Corbett."

In Fitzsimmons' corner will be Martin Julian, Jack Stenzler, Jim McCoy and Jack Everhardt. Julian has not yet picked his timekeeper. In Maher's corner will be Buck Connolly, Jim Hall, Jack Quinn and Peter Lowrie. Parson Davies will hold the watch for Maher.

Colonel Devares, in charge of the regular troops, which are garrisoned in the city of Juarez, as well as of the troop of cavalry sent up from Chihuahua, gave his men orders in the afternoon, and they were sent out along the border to watch for an attempt to hold the fight in Mexico. The cavalry was sent south as far as San Ignacio, while some of the infantry were camped along the Rio Grande between El Paso and the point where the New Mexico and Texas boundary meets the international line, about five miles north of El Paso. There is not one chance in a thousand that the fight will take place within fifty miles of any of these forces. Mexican soldiers are extremely obedient to orders, as well as unmindful of the niceties of international law, and there is no doubt in the minds of those who going to the fight that the Mexicans will use their rifles without the formality of measuring distances or inquiring into the purposes of a large crowd should they happen to run across one. "Dan" Stuart laughs at all suggestions that there will be any danger from this source. There are no means of transportation on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande south by railway or otherwise. Any hint the authorities at Juarez might get that the men were fighting on Mexican soil would avail the authorities little.

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HOW CORBETT WON A TITLE

Details of His Memorable Fight for the Championship.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S DEFI.

How It was Taken Up, with the Result by Rounds, Until his Knock-Out.

FALL OF A ONCE POPULAR IDOL.

The story of how James J. Corbett defeated that modern gladiator, John L. Sullivan, and won the championship, will always be an interesting one. On March 5, 1892, John L. Sullivan, whose theatrical season was then drawing to a close, issued the following manifesto:

ST. PAUL, MINN., March 5, 1892.

Our season ends about June 4, and we do not resume again until September 12. This gives me over three months time to prepare.

I hereby challenge any and all of the bluffers who have been trying to make capital at my expense to fight me, either the last week in August or the first week in September, this year, at the Olympic Club, in the City of New Orleans, La., for a purse of \$25,000 and an outside bet of \$10,000, the winner of the fight to take the entire purse.

I insist upon a bet of \$10,000, to show that they mean business—\$2,500 to be put up inside of thirty days, another \$2,500 to be put up May 1, and the entire \$10,000, and as much more as they will bet, to be placed by June 15. I am ready to put up the entire \$10,000 now. First come, first served.

I give preference in this challenge to Frank P. Slavin of Australia, as he and his backers have done the greatest amount of blowing. My second preference is that bombastic sprinter, Charles Mitchell, of England, whom I would rather whip than any man in the world. My third preference is James J. Corbett, of America, who has achieved his share of bombast. But in this challenge I include all fighters.

The Marquis of Queensbury rules must govern this contest, as I want fight, not foot racing, as I intend keeping the championship of the world.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN,
Champion of the World.

This important proposed fight encounter was arranged in the New York World office on March 15. The fight was decided in the Olympic Club, New Orleans, La., on Sept. 7, 1892. About 10,000 spectators witnessed it. Betting was 4 to 1 on Sullivan, 3 to 1 against Corbett.

The following is the fight by rounds:

ROUND 1—Both men were smiling. Sullivan rushed in, but missed a left-hand lead, Corbett dancing. Corbett parried a thrust and danced away. His activity was remarkable, and the first minute was spent in sparring. The crowd began to hiss Corbett, and he continued his running tactics until half the round was over. Sullivan's face was as dark as midnight, and he seemed angry as the bell rang. Not a blow was struck during the round.

ROUND 2—The men sparred at long range for almost a minute, Corbett ducking away every time the champion tried to force matters. He ducked a left-hand lead cleverly, but the big fellow rushed him to the ropes and caught him. Fierce fighting followed. Sullivan landed twice on Corbett's face, followed by an uppercut. Corbett was evidently playing with the great Sullivan.

ROUND 3—Sullivan missed an excellent chance, and bit his lips reproachfully. Corbett danced away from a right-hand lead at the stomach, and it was evident that he was going to make a long fight of it. John rushed in and landed lightly on the back, but it was only a glancing blow.

Jim came nearer and got in a rib-roaster on Sullivan's heart. Sullivan's return was short and did no damage. Corbett landed two left-hand swings on the champion's jaw, and for the first time in the fight did some work. This maddened Sullivan, who came on and got in twice on the stomach and neck without receiving a return. Corbett was astonishing the talent.

ROUND 4—The champion seemed much worried that his blows did not land, and he looked serious. Corbett's agility was remarkable. He seemed to escape Sullivan's leads with the greatest ease, but he did no work himself, and it was evident that he was playing a waiting game. Sullivan's leads were wild and Corbett landed lightly on the neck, the champion paying no attention to the blow.

ROUND 5—Sullivan landed on Corbett's chest and got a counter on the neck. Corbett landed a terrific left-hand punch on the belly and followed it up with another. Then he attacked the champion savagely. Blood flew from Sullivan's eyes and nose in streams. Sullivan hugged Corbett to save himself, and Corbett pushed him away. Both men were bathed in Sullivan's blood.

ROUND 6—Corbett went at his man instantly, but a punch in the ribs stopped him, and some sparring ensued. Sullivan was weak and his face was a sight. Corbett came in and landed the left on the stomach. In a clinch blows were exchanged, but no damage done. Both countered on the jaw and Sullivan ended it with a right-hand swing that would have ended the fight had it landed. Corbett's quickness was marvelous, and he landed his left on the broken nose at the call of time.

ROUND 7—Sullivan's training stood him in hand, for he was strong when time was called and walked briskly to the centre. Jim then got home a straight left on the big fellow's belly, and coming nearer got three in quick succession on mouth and chin. Corbett then jabbed his left into the champion's face and the audience showed their appreciation by cheering. He landed a right-hand on the jaw. Then he rushed Sullivan to the ropes and fought him to a standstill.

ROUND 8—Sullivan attempted to force matters, landing his right heavily. Young Jim did not like this and

banged the big fellow on the jaw and followed it up with another blow on the nose, getting a good stiff punch over the heart in return. Jim then punched his man twice in the ribs and got home a terrific right-hand smash on the jaw. Sullivan was weary when time was called.

ROUND 9—An exchange of blows, Sully putting his right on Corbett's ear with force, and ducked a return in quite his old style. A strong exchange followed with honors even. Sullivan improving, he caught Corbett on the right eye, reddening the skin and making Jim knit his brows. Corbett had all the best of an exchange that followed, landing twice on the jaw.

ROUND 10—The men sparred warily. Sullivan put his left on Corbett's ear with force, and ducked a return in quite his old style. A strong exchange followed with honors even. Sullivan improving, he caught Corbett on the right eye, reddening the skin and making Jim knit his brows. Corbett had all the best of an exchange that followed, landing twice on the jaw.

ROUND 11—Sparring was followed by hot work, Corbett doing the most damage. Protracted sparring.

ROUND 12—Corbett landed a terrific right hander under Sullivan's chin, which, had it been delivered on the point of the jaw, would have ended the fight.

ROUND 13—Corbett ducked away every time Sullivan attempted to lead.

ROUND 14—A sharp exchange began the battle. Corbett jabbed Sullivan on the nose and had the best of the rally that followed, his blows having more steam.

ROUND 15—Each got home on the neck and jaw, and they mixed it up in lively style, Corbett doing the better work.

ROUND 16—John attempted to rush in, but was met by a straight left-hander in the mouth. Sullivan's breathing was labored, and could be heard plainly by persons twenty-five feet from the ring. Corbett punched the big fellow on the mouth and jabbed his left into the big man's stomach repeatedly, escaping punishment with ease. They clinched, Sullivan delivered a foul blow and the crowd yelled foul. Corbett raised his hands deprecatingly as he broke away.

ROUND 17—There was very little fighting in this round, neither man landing a blow worthy of record.



John L. Sullivan.

The time was taken up in sparring, and the round was the tamest of the fight.

ROUND 18—Jim jabbed John twice in the short ribs when the big fellow attempted to come in at the opening of the round. Sullivan's nose had stopped bleeding and his face was much more brightly than half an hour before. His mouth was open, for he breathed heavily. John smashed Jim twice on the ear, but the young gladiator responded with two blows on the jaw that were scorchers. Corbett's next blow, a right-hander on the jaw was a dangerous one, and he followed it with three more of the same kind, and Sullivan's chances waned rapidly.

ROUND 19—Corbett's cleverness in tapping Sullivan and getting away was greatly admired up to this time, and when he jabbed the big fellow four times on the face in succession the spectators raised a howl. Sullivan here got in his left on Corbett's breast, but it did not hurt. Then Corbett touched John L. up for two right-handers on the body, amid more howls. The people seemed to be with Corbett.

ROUND 20—Corbett fought his man to the ropes, using his left and right on stomach and jaw. He punished the big man repeatedly in his wind, and it seemed to be all day with Sullivan, who carried his right hand as though it had been injured. Jim jabbed the big fellow in the stomach again and then came in, getting home on the ear and ribs with great force. Corbett had a marked advantage when time was called amid deafening cheers.

ROUND 21—Corbett was out for blood and started to finish the man who had held the championship for so many years, and whose name was a terror to all. He rushed in and planted blow after blow on Sullivan's face and neck. The champion, so soon to lose his coveted title, backed away trying to save himself. His eyes were glassy and it was a mournful act when the young Californian shot his right across the jaw and Sullivan fell like an ox.

It was a great victory for the young Californian, who proved himself a marvel, and many an expert will admit that he made the greatest fight ever seen.

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HISTORY OF THE MATCH.

Important Incidents that Led up to the Signing of Articles.

STUART ACTED FOR FITZ.

Maher Declines the Title, Preferring to Fight His Old Opponent for It.

WHY IS CORBETT SO ANXIOUS?

The arrangement of a match between Maher and Fitzsimmons was the inevitable sequence to Corbett's retirement from active participation in ring affairs. This proceeding the latter had anticipated since his failure to induce Fitzsimmons to face him in the ring. He realized that there was no one in the world for him to vanquish, and with the proud title of champion undisputed he decided to end his brief but successful career by turning over his title to the victor in the bout between Steve O'Donnell and Peter Maher, which took place at Masspeth, L. I., on Nov. 11, last.

On that occasion, it will be remembered, Maher put his sturdy opponent out in one round, and Corbett jumped upon the stage and, clamping the Irishman by the hand, hailed him as champion. There were those

and we won't do anything to prevent the match. When will it be convenient for you to meet me and draw up articles?"

"This afternoon—say, at half-past four."

"All right," was Quinn's only reply, and the match was made.

Promptly at the time agreed upon Stuart and Quinn met, and before proceeding to business invited Sam Austin, the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, to draw up the articles.

This was an easy matter, especially in view of the disposition manifested by both men to make all reasonable concessions. The three men sat at one of the desks in the reading-room of the hotel, and discussed the points at issue in low tones. It was all done so quietly that few who thronged the hotel lobby knew that the managers of the two pugilists were at work arranging the details of a great championship battle.

The money end of the question having been nominally settled at the previous meeting, the matter of selecting a date afforded a chance for a disagreement, had such a thing been contemplated. Heretofore it has been customary for the fighters with a predilection for theatrical advertising to demand at least a year's grace before the date upon which the issue is to be decided. Not so with Maher. "Select a date that suits you best, Mr. Stuart," said Quinn.

"How about February 14?"

"That falls on a Friday," said Joe Vendig, who had joined the group a moment before.

"Oh, that doesn't cut any figure with us," said the Pittsburg man, laughing. "Peter isn't superstitious, but I'd like it a week or so later."

"That would bring it after the New Orleans Mardi Gras, and not so good for us," was Stuart's rejoinder.

"All right, then," said Quinn. "February 14," and so it was incorporated in the articles.

The question of gloves suggested to Stuart to ask Quinn how Peter would like to fight with bare knuckles. Quinn was of the opinion that as his man had never gone that style he might object. So five-ounce gloves were agreed upon.

In the Corbett match the failure to provide for a date upon which the selection of a referee was to be made complicated matters to a perplexing degree. It will be remembered that Fitzsimmons absolutely refused to either name or agree to the selection of an official until the morning of the proposed day of the contest. The omission gave either man an opportunity to prevent the meeting at the last moment by refusing to agree upon a referee. He nor Quinn will have no chance to quibble over this point for the reason that provision has been made for the selection of an official just one month prior to the date agreed upon for the contest. This point will probably not be a disputed one in this affair. Quinn, having evinced a disposition to concede every point, will probably agree upon any one of a number of good men that Fitzsimmons may suggest. If there is, however, any hitch and the men can not come to any agreement on the date specified, the gentleman who is chosen to officiate as the final stakeholder will be empowered to make the selection. This will obviate the possibility of any trouble on that score and the public will therefore be assured that only an absolute back down on the part of one or the other of the contestants at the last moment can prevent the meeting. The selection of a battle ground is left to Stuart, but it is needless to say almost that that part of the affair has already been attended to, and the incorporation of a clause referring to a battle ground was a mere matter of form. The place selected is not far from El Paso, Tex., and Stuart says that a duel could be fought there and an admission fee charged without interference. He is satisfied that the rival fighters will have no chance to quibble about not having a place to fight at. To reassure them, however, on this point Stuart himself suggested that a clause be incorporated in the articles of agreement to the effect that he would forfeit the whole \$10,000 purse if, for any reason, he was unable to pull the fight off either in public or private. This indicated his sincerity and he further displayed his magnanimity by insisting that in the event of either of the fighters failing to appear, the \$1,000 forfeit which they each agreed to put up shall go to the one who fulfils his part of the contract. This leaves Stuart entirely unprotected and liable for all the expense involved in bringing the affair to an issue.

Fitzsimmons will not have any chance this time to claim a share of whatever profit may result from the sale of privileges. While the arrangements for his proposed fight with Corbett were pending, it will be remembered that he declared his intention not to go into the ring unless the Florida Athletic Club agreed to let him share in all that was going. He even went so far as to say that a photographic concern should not take instantaneous pictures of the encounter unless he was guaranteed \$25,000 as his share; he also included himself in the peanut and lemonade privilege and nobody knows just how far he would have gone had any encouragement been given him. Stuart, to preclude the possibility of similar trouble from this source, has had it embodied in the articles of agreement that all privileges shall be at his own disposal, and as Stuart had Fitzsimmons' authority to represent him in the match-making, it is assumed that he had a perfect understanding with the latter regarding this important detail.

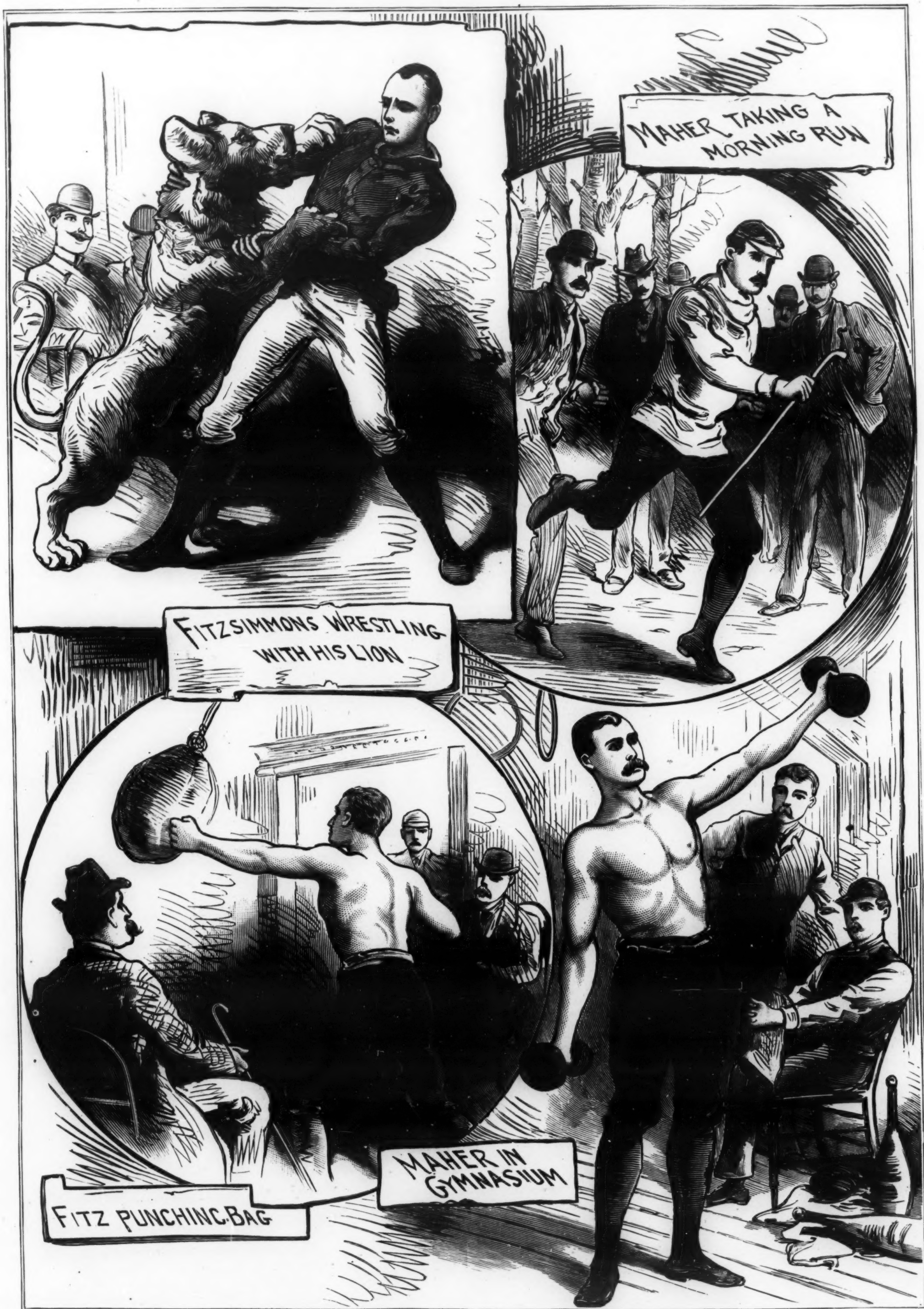
Before the meeting at the St. James Hotel was ended Stuart handed to Austin two certified drafts upon the Fourth National Bank of the City of New York, one for \$2,500 and the other for \$500, making \$3,000 in all, the preliminary deposit agreed upon. Then everybody shook hands as the final proceeding in the great event.

The matching of Fitzsimmons and Maher created no end of excitement in New York sporting circles. In the evening the corridor of the St. James hotel was thronged with sporting men, all eager to learn the latest particulars about the affair. Stuart in his usual affable way consented to tell his plan. He said:—

"I have a fine place selected. Headquarters will be at El Paso, which is naturally adapted for reaching the mill. Five trunk lines meet there. One thousand Mexicans alone will attend, and I will guarantee no fizzle. The grounds will be under my control. We intend to profit by the Dallas experience and not build any amphitheatre. A number of circuses are in winter quarters at El Paso and we will use an immense circus canvas with a thirteen-foot side wall. The seating capacity will be 25,000. Now this is going to be a final show down. Fitzsimmons is willing to fight."

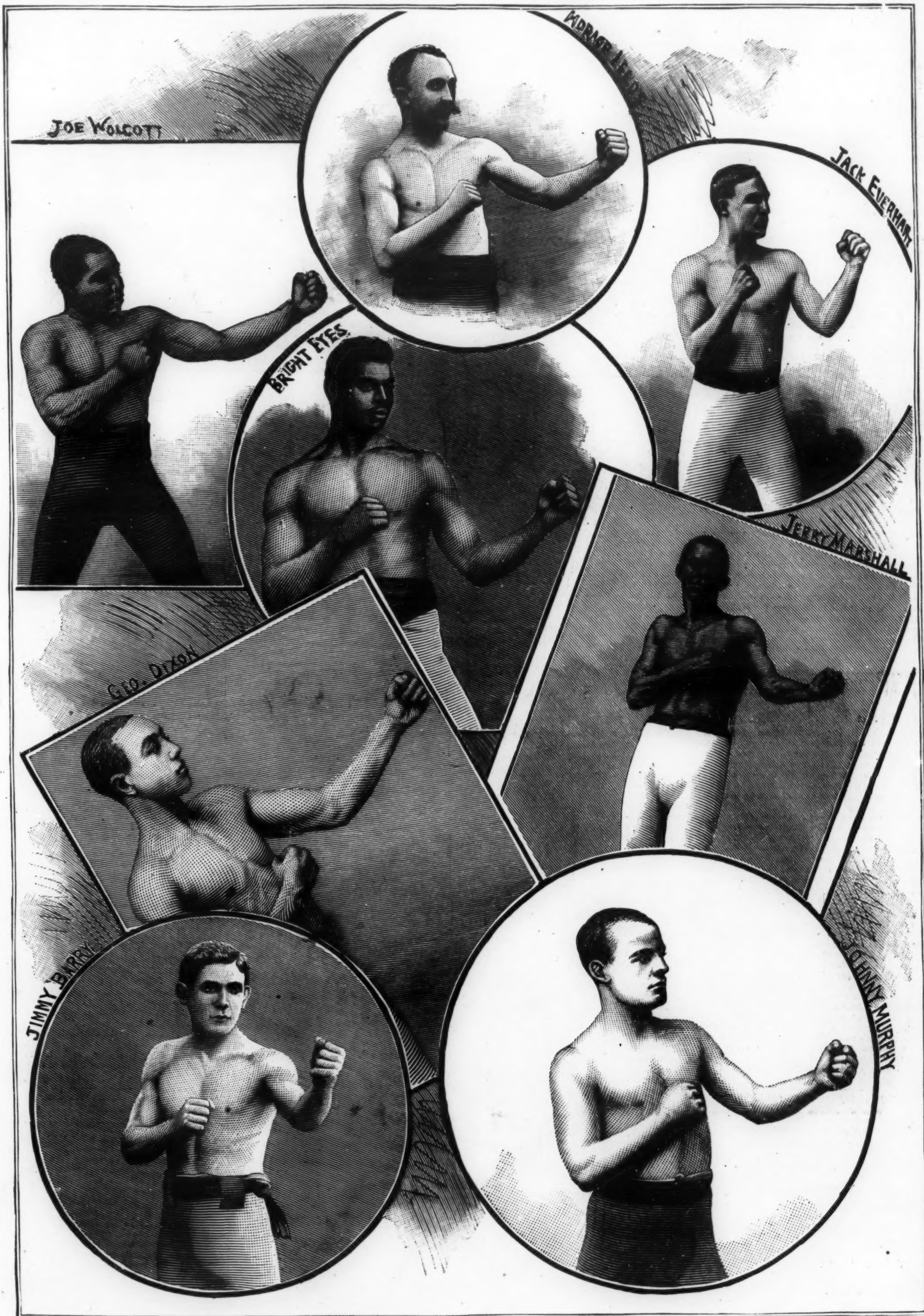
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All handsomely colored. Maher and Fitzsimmons, Corbett and Fitzsimmons, Corbett and Mitchell, and Corbett and Jackson. 10 cents each, or all four for 30 cents. Sent direct from this office.



PRELIMINARIES OF THE BATTLE.

TRAINING INCIDENTS OF THE TWO GREAT HEAVYWEIGHTS NOTED BY THE "POLICE GAZETTE" ARTISTS AT THE FIGHTERS' QUARTERS.



MEN WHO WERE MATCHED TO FIGHT.

CONTESTANTS IN THE BANTAM, FEATHER, LIGHT AND WELTERWEIGHT BATTLES, WHO FAILED TO CONNECT AT EL PASO.

MAHER'S INJURED EYES.

They Led to Two Postponements
of the Fight at El Paso.

HE SUFFERED VERY MUCH.

What the Confidential Friends of Both
Men Said About the Matter.

THE OTHER BATTLES CALLED OFF.

Dan Stuart will go down to history as the Texan with the wonderful nerve. He arranged what would have undoubtedly proven, if carried to a successful conclusion, the greatest fistic carnival of the age. From start

plon of England, before the National Sporting Club. Dixon polished off the Englishman in eighteen rounds. On his return to this country Dixon was matched against Johnny Murphy, of Boston. The fight was held under the auspices of the Gladstone Athletic Club, of Providence, on Oct. 23, 1890, and Dixon won after forty rounds of great fighting. His next big battle was with Cal McCarthy, in Troy, on March 31, 1891. Dixon knocked the champion out in the twenty-second round. Four months later Dixon journeyed to California and engaged in a finish contest with Abe Willis, the bantamweight champion of Australia, for a purse of \$4,250. Dixon outfought the foreigner from start to finish, finally knocking him out in the fifth round. Dixon has defeated more than 200 men. His principal victories were as follows:

Tommy Warren, 3 rounds; Fred Johnson, 14 rounds; Jack Skelly, 8 rounds; Eddie Pierce, 3 rounds; Solly Smith, 7 rounds; Billy Murphy, 3 rounds; Kentucky Rosebud, 3 rounds. He also fought three drawn battles with Young Griffo.

Jerry Marshall was born in New York city, July 15, 1869. He emigrated to Australia at the age of ten years. He began his career as a pugilist in 1877 when he met and defeated C. Walkley in Sydney, Australia, after ten hard-fought rounds.

The young colored fighter made such a good showing against Walkley that he was matched at once against Billy Murphy, the then featherweight champion of Australia. Jerry Marshall was then a small boy, but he was a superior of the other at all stages of the fight and he

MAHER'S FIGHTING CAREER.

The Irish Champion Tells How
He Became a Pugilist.

HIS FIRST RING BATTLE.

The Ambition of His Life is to Win the
"Police Gazette" Belt.

"NO ACTOR BUT A FIGHTER" HE SAYS

"How did I become a pugilist?" Well, I don't know how to answer that question, unless it is to say that, like every good Irishman, I love to fight. What's bred in the bone must come out, you know," and Peter Maher Ireland's famous champion, smiled significantly. "Since I was a small boy I have always known how to take care of myself, although my knowledge of the science of self-defense was not extensive in my younger days. Indeed, I was not a

pence to put on the gloves with one of the performers. Several of my friends paid the money, supposing they would get a boxing lesson. Instead, they were knocked out as speedily as possible. So they put up a job on me, and I went to the show, not suspecting it.

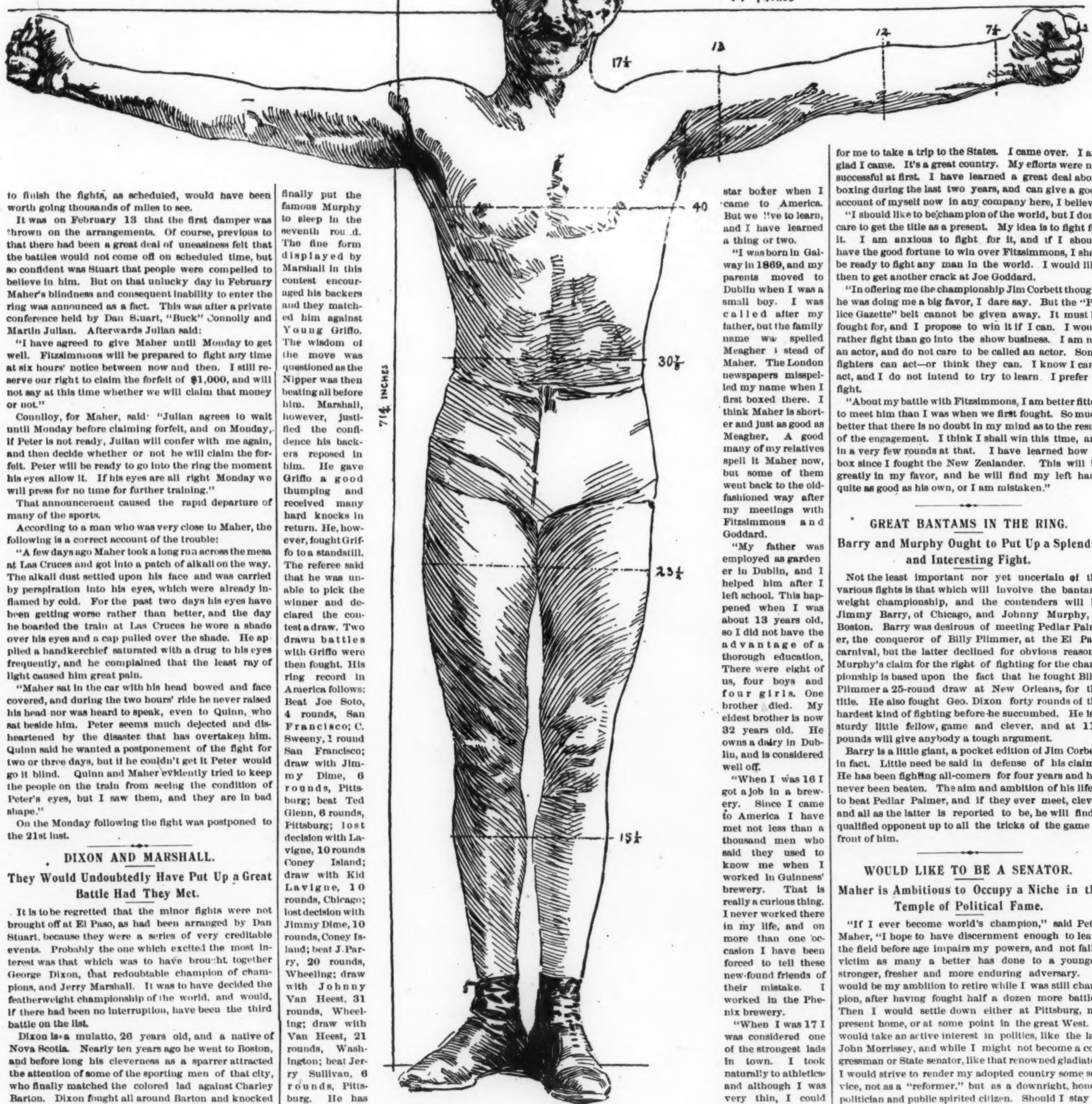
"There was a good crowd on hand to see the colored man punch me all about the place. He was a fat colored man. It seemed to me he weighed much more than 200 pounds. I wanted to learn boxing, and fell neatly into the trap the boys had set for me. For a minute or two I was punched about the place by the star. Then I decided to pay him back in his own coin, and before the first round was over I had my dusky instructor knocked out.

"This was considered a great performance, and the colored man's partner challenged me to box him a week later. He was easier than the first fellow, and after I had dropped him in short order the newspapers began to print stories about me.

"Soon after this I won a tournament in Dublin for amateurs. Then John L. Sullivan came, and put up a cup for competition. I won that, too. I went to London and entered an amateur competition. This I got through easily until it came to the finals. A man named Haire boxed a bye, and took me on after I had beaten three men. I was not his equal as a boxer, but I succeeded in dropping him twice. The referee said this wouldn't do, and Haire got the decision.

"I fought John Seenan soon afterwards for the championship of Ireland. It was Belfast against Dublin, and Belfast lost in five rounds. This was my first professional engagement. I beat Alf. Burman in six rounds, and was then matched against Gus Lambert, whom I disposed of in short order.

"Some of my friends thought it would be a good idea



Peter Maher.

to finish the fight, as scheduled, would have been worth going thousands of miles to see.

It was on February 13 that the first damper was thrown on the arrangements. Of course, previous to that there had been a great deal of uneasiness felt that the battles would not come off on scheduled time, but so confident was Stuart that people were compelled to believe in him. But on that unlucky day in February Maher's blindness and consequent inability to enter the ring was announced as a fact. This was after a private conference held by Dan Stuart, "Buck" Connolly and Martin Julian. Afterwards Julian said:

"I have agreed to give Maher until Monday to get well. Fitzsimmons will be prepared to fight any time at six hours' notice between now and then. I still reserve our right to claim the forfeit of \$1,000, and will not say at this time whether we will claim that money or not."

Connolly, for Maher, said: "Julian agrees to wait until Monday before claiming forfeit, and on Monday, if Peter is not ready, Julian will confer with me again, and then decide whether or not he will claim the forfeit. Peter will be ready to go into the ring the moment his eyes allow it. If his eyes are all right Monday we will press for no time for further training."

That announcement caused the rapid departure of many of the sports.

According to a man who was very close to Maher, the following is a correct account of the trouble:

"A few days ago Maher took a long run across the mesa at Las Cruces and got into a patch of alkali on the way. The alkali dust settled upon his face and was carried by perspiration into his eyes, which were already inflamed by cold. For the past two days his eyes have been getting worse rather than better, and the day he boarded the train at Las Cruces he wore a shade over his eyes and a cap pulled over the shade. He applied a handkerchief saturated with a drug to his eyes frequently, and he complained that the least ray of light caused him great pain.

"Maher sat in the car with his head bowed and face covered, and during the two hours' ride he never raised his head nor was heard to speak, even to Quinn, who sat beside him. Peter seems much dejected and disheartened by the disaster that has overtaken him. Quinn said he wanted a postponement of the fight for two or three days, but if he couldn't get it Peter would go it blind. Quinn and Maher evidently tried to keep the people on the train from seeing the condition of Peter's eyes, but I saw them, and they are in bad shape."

On the Monday following the fight was postponed to the 21st inst.

DIXON AND MARSHALL.

They Would Undoubtedly Have Put Up a Great
Battle Had They Met.

It is to be regretted that the minor fights were not brought off at El Paso, as had been arranged by Dan Stuart, because they were a series of very creditable events. Probably the one which excited the most interest was that which was to have brought together George Dixon, that redoubtable champion of champions, and Jerry Marshall. It was to have decided the featherweight championship of the world, and would, if there had been no interruption, have been the third battle on the list.

Dixon is a mulatto, 26 years old, and a native of Nova Scotia. Nearly ten years ago he went to Boston, and before long his cleverness as a sparrer attracted the attention of some of the sporting men of that city, who finally matched the colored lad against Charley Barton. Dixon fought all around Barton and knocked him out in six rounds. Then Barney Finnegan, of Summersville, Mass., who had quite a reputation as a pugilist, met Dixon, and was put to sleep in seven rounds. Dixon's greatest performance was in knocking out Eugene Hornbacker in less than two rounds. Tommy Kelly, the 105-pound champion, fought a nine-round draw with Dixon two years ago, after the latter had beaten Jack Lyman, of this city, in five rounds.

On June 27, 1890, he met Nunc Wallace, the cham-

finally put the famous Murphy to sleep in the seventh round. The fine form displayed by Marshall in this contest encouraged his backers and they matched him against Young Griffo. The wisdom of the move was questioned as the Nipper was then beating all before him. Marshall, however, justified the confidence his backers reposed in him. He gave Griffo a good thumping and received many hard knocks in return. He, however, fought Griffo to a standstill. The referee said that he was unable to pick the winner and declared the contest a draw. Two drawn battles with Griffo were then fought. His ring record in America follows:

Beat Joe Soto, 4 rounds, San Francisco; C. Sweeney, 1 round, San Francisco; draw with Jimmy Dime, 6 rounds, Pittsburgh; beat Ted Glenn, 6 rounds, Pittsburgh; lost decision with Lavigne, 10 rounds, Coney Island; draw with Kid Lavigne, 10 rounds, Chicago; lost decision with Jimmy Dime, 10 rounds, Coney Island; beat J. Parry, 20 rounds, Wheeling; draw with Johnny Van Heest, 31 rounds, Wheeling; draw with Van Heest, 21 rounds, Washington; beat Jerry Sullivan, 6 rounds, Pittsburgh. He has beaten and bested hundreds of men in four-round contests, and always fought men much heavier than himself.

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"After I had outpointed a few of my companions a couple of colored men came out from London and opened a show they called "Vanity Fair." They were both boxers. It was twopenny to get in and three-

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ONLY ONE COMPLETE RECORD

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star boxer when I came to America. But we live to learn, and I have learned a thing or two.

"I was born in Galway in 1869, and my parents moved to Dublin when I was a small boy. I was called after my father, but the family name was spelled Meagher instead of Maher. The London newspapers misspelled my name when I first boxed there. I think Maher is shorter and just as good as Meagher. A good many of my relatives spell it Maher now, but some of them went back to the old-fashioned way after my meetings with Fitzsimmons and Goddard.

"My father was employed as garden er in Dublin, and I helped him after I left school. This happened when I was about 13 years old, so I did not have the advantage of a thorough education. There were eight of us, four boys and four girls. One brother died. My eldest brother is now 32 years old. He owns a dairy in Dublin, and is considered well off.

"When I was 16 I got a job in a brewery. Since I came to America I have met not less than a thousand men who said they used to know me when I worked in Guinness' brewery. That is really a curious thing. I never worked there in my life, and on more than one occasion I have been forced to tell these new-found friends of their mistake. I worked in the Phoenix brewery.

"When I was 17 I was considered one of the strongest lads in town. I took naturally to athletics and although I was very thin, I could boast of plenty of muscle. In the boxing matches we used

for me to take a trip to the States. I came over. I am glad I came. It's a great country. My efforts were not successful at first. I have learned a great deal about boxing during the last two years, and can give a good account of myself now in any company here, I believe.

"I should like to be champion of the world, but I don't care to get the title as a present. My idea is to fight for it. I am anxious to fight for it, and if I should have the good fortune to win over Fitzsimmons, I shall be ready to fight any man in the world. I would like then to get another crack at Joe Goddard.

"In offering me the championship Jim Corbett thought he was doing me a big favor, I dare say. But the "Police Gazette" belt cannot be given away. It must be fought for, and I propose to win it if I can. I would rather fight than go into the show business. I am not an actor, and do not care to be called an actor. Some fighters can act—or think they can. I know I can't act, and I do not intend to try to learn. I prefer to fight.

"About my battle with Fitzsimmons, I am better fitted to meet him than I was when we first fought. So much better that there is no doubt in my mind as to the result of the engagement. I think I shall win this time, and in a very few rounds at that. I have learned how to box since I fought the New Zealander. This will be greatly in my favor, and he will find my left hand quite as good as his own, or I am mistaken."

GREAT BANTAMS IN THE RING.

Barry and Murphy Ought to Put Up a Splendid
and Interesting Fight.

Not the least important nor yet uncertain of the various fights is that which will involve the bantamweight championship, and the contenders will be Jimmy Barry, of Chicago, and Johnny Murphy, of Boston. Barry was desirous of meeting Pedlar Palmer, the conqueror of Billy Plimmer, at the El Paso carnival, but the latter declined for obvious reasons. Murphy's claim for the right of fighting for the championship is based upon the fact that he fought Billy Plimmer a 25-round draw at New Orleans, for the title. He also fought Geo. Dixon forty rounds of the hardest kind of fighting before he succumbed. He is a sturdy little fellow, game and clever, and at 115 pounds will give anybody a tough argument.

Barry is a little giant, a pocket edition of Jim Corbett in fact. Little need be said in defense of his claims. He has been fighting all-comers for four years and has never been beaten. The aim and ambition of his life is to beat Pedlar Palmer, and if they ever meet, clever and all as the latter is reported to be, he will find a qualified opponent up to all the tricks of the game in front of him.

WOULD LIKE TO BE A SENATOR.

Maher is Ambitious to Occupy a Niche in the
Temple of Political Fame.

"If I ever become world's champion," said Peter Maher, "I hope to have discernment enough to leave the field before age impairs my powers, and not fall a victim as many a better has done to a younger, stronger, fresher and more enduring adversary. It would be my ambition to retire while I was still champion, after having fought half a dozen more battles. Then I would settle down either at Pittsburgh, my present home, or at some point in the great West. I would take an active interest in politics, like the late John Morrissey, and while I might not become a congressman or State senator, like that renowned gladiator, I would strive to render my adopted country some service, not as a "reformer," but as a downright, honest politician and public spirited citizen. Should I stay in Pittsburgh I would probably go into the hotel business. If I went West, I might try sheep ranching, as that appears to be an honorable, lucrative and health giving employment."

EXTRA---DIXON-MARSHALL.

Walcott-Collins, Leeds-Everhardt, Barry Murphy fights all in next issue of POLICE GAZETTE, out February 20. 10 cents at all newsdealers.

FITZSIMMONS' TRAINING.

How He Started in on the First Day's Work for the Fight.

LIVED IN A GREEN COTTAGE.

Took Long Walks, Rides, Ate What He Liked and Was His Own Master.

HIS DAY'S ROUTINE SCHEDULE.

It is always interesting to know how fighters train especially when they are big fighters, who are attracting attention all over the world. Fitzsimmons first went into training at Coney Island in a small green cottage by the seashore. In his first day of training Fitzsimmons arose from his bed just after dawn. He had a salt water bath and went for a walk. It was as much of a run as a walk, for he ran half of the time and walked the other half.

Then he walked from Coney Island to New York and back. Next he had something to eat and something to drink. He drinks beer with his meals in training the

usually a spy to keep his man from drinking or smoking, and he is usually, also, a sort of slave driver to keep his man up to his work. Fitzsimmons always does, and he has wisely remarked that if he couldn't keep himself straight with the prospect of a fortune before him no trainer could, so that his trainer was merely a moral guide, and to some extent a friendly counselor.

Future generations will be interested in the fact that there is a Fitzsimmons the second. Fitzsimmons No. 2 is named Charles, and he is a perfect miniature imitation of his father. He has the same legs and back, and the same conformation generally on a small scale. He is a little more than six years old, swings daily with great spirit, and according to his father, swings his right in a way that shows the power of heredity.

FITZSIMMONS AS A KANGAROO HUNTER.

One of the experiences which Bob loves to recall occurred during his residence in Sydney. The trade of a horsehoeer was not sufficiently lucrative to keep him supplied with a sufficiency of the needful to supply the demands of a hot sport, such as the young pugilist regarded himself. The boxing business was slow and the money did not roll in fast enough from that direction either, so Bob bethought himself of some way to get enough of the "long green" to open a cafe or sporting house of his own. How to get the capital was an enigma, until along came an old bosom friend, just returned from a kangaroo hunt in Maruruland. He fired the youngster's imagination by telling him rose-colored tales of adventures in the bush, fights with the savage bushmen, exciting battles with wild animals and wound up by whispering in the ear of the eager listener that \$75 and \$100 could be made by selling the skins of a week's killing. This was a finishing stroke. "I'll be a kangaroo

FITZSIMMONS PHYSICALLY

Some Facts About the Development of the Australian.

HE HAS FINE SHOULDERS.

But His Legs Are Not Quite in Keeping With the Rest of His Body.

NOT VERY STRAIGHT, EITHER.

The figure which is printed in this page doesn't seem to be a very remarkable one, but it is most interesting to the student of pugilism in that it gives the exact measurements of Robert Fitzsimmons. Fitzsimmons would be quite as heavy a man as Peter Maher but for his legs. He is in the heavyweight division of pugilism from his waist up, but when occasion requires Bob gets himself down to the middleweight limit without serious difficulty. So it may be a good thing for a fighter to have legs

with arms outstretched he is 3½ inches to the good on the reach proposition.

Fitz's left is 31½ inches in length from armpit to finger tips. His right is a quarter of an inch shorter. Both of Maher's arms measure 31 inches. Fitz has smaller forearms than Maher, and his muscles above the elbow are bigger by more than half an inch.

It is said that it was Fitz's forearm and not the back of the glove that countered on Creedon's jaw in their fight at New Orleans. Fitzsimmons' immense development of forearm is one of the most formidable points about his anatomy, and he has his trade as a blacksmith to thank for it. There isn't, perhaps, a fighter to-day who can use his forearm blow without injuring the wrist except Fitzsimmons. Fitz discovered that there is more damage in landing with the forearm than the back of the hand, though he tries to make his friends believe to the contrary. Of course, the forearm blow is used in half-arm swings and hooks, not straight punches.

In a letter to Dan Creedon before the Creedon-Fitzsimmons fight, Jimmy Carroll wrote from the City of Mexico, explaining the *modus operandi* of Fitz's forearm delivery, and advising Creedon to look out for it. Carroll, who had handled the Kangaroo and afterward fell out with him, admitted Fitz's wonderful prowess, despite the fact that he detested the antipodean.

"Fitz's hands," said Carroll in that letter, "are not in good shape, and that's one of the reasons why he uses his forearm. He also has a habit of palming his antagonist or hitting him with the heel of the glove. This saves his hands. He broke one finger on Jack Dempsey and another on Jim Hall, and he is very careful of his hands."

Fitz's worst enemy must acknowledge that he is a jovial, talkative, agreeable sort of fellow, with all the impulsiveness and animal spirits of a big schoolboy. He is a happy-go-lucky, come-by-it-easy, free, open-handed, good-natured Bob Fitzsimmons. The stern code

same as at other times. He played with his lion, then punched his big leather bag.

Punching the bag is a great art. This is what you see when you see Mr. Fitzsimmons punching the bag. In a loft above a big barn you see a tall man, with a thick neck, projecting somewhat, and with very auburn hair. He is dressed exclusively in a breech cloth of rubber and a pair of boxing shoes without heels. He has very blue and very piercing eyes. They are wonderfully blue.

When he strikes out with his full force, and the latter when he becomes interested in sparring with Prof. Donovan, his lips curl and show his two eyeteeth in a fashion that would have interested Brother Darwin exceedingly. With his lips curled, his teeth showing, muscles playing and his fist crashing through the air he is a pleasant sight to see, if you have no personal controversy with him.

After punching the bag and finally knocking it free of its moorings with one swing of his right, he sparred with Prof. Donovan and practiced many hits and shifty wiles. Fitzsimmons is fond of that artistic feat which consists in shifting the position of his feet and both hands—just, for instance, landing with his right on an enemy's jawbone when the poor enemy thought he was going to land with his left on his stomach.

Fitzsimmons was well described by Kingsley, when in Hypatia he told of the big men with red hair on their heads and arms, who came down from the north and thrashed everybody. Fitzsimmons would have made a fine fighting Norseman. He would have sat in his boat and punched great holes in his southern foes.

His body is a very attractive catapult. It has a collection of muscles piled up along the spinal column, such as can be seen on no other man. Just below his back there is a muscular formation spread out in the form of a turtle. From these muscles and some others he gets the power to hit a terrible blow without drawing back his hand.

His shoulders are bunches of muscles, each at least as big as a child's head. He handles these shoulders almost as well as his head. He parries blows with them. He can punch the ball with them without using his hand, and in in-fighting, or when a man steps in close for protection, he can hit a blow on the jaw with either shoulder hard enough to knock out an ordinary man. His shoulders are so well trained that he can lift either up almost above the top of his ear, making an absolute protection on that side of his head. Any man looking at Fitz's back will see that Prof. Donovan is probably right in saying that Mr. Fitzsimmons can hit a harder straight blow than any man in the ring.

The training which Fitzsimmons believes in differs from the training of the average fighter in many important respects. First of all, he trains himself. He takes his own advice and regulates his own work and diet.

He has no alcohol to get out of his stomach, and no stomach to work off. Where most fighters in repose have a stomach, Fitzsimmons has a sort of hollow. He looks about three times as big around the shoulders as around the waist.

"I'll do no more eighteen or twenty mile runs," he said on his initial day's work. "I'll start off and run six or eight miles, and then I'll walk back at a good, nice gait. Next day I'll walk out my distance and run back. Another day I'll run a mile and walk a mile, alternating for ten or fifteen miles. Another day I'll follow the telegraph poles. I'll run at a top speed between two poles, then walk between the next two, and so on."

In regard to diet, Fitzsimmons takes what he wants in moderation. Having no fat to take off, he is always able to make himself as big as he likes, keeping himself even by hard work. He needs only to perfect his wind and tone himself up. He considered that the result of his training will be simply to enable him to deliver many of the blows through as many rounds as may be necessary without losing his wind, speed or strength.

According to his friends, Fitzsimmons is the happy possessor of no bad habits. It is true he is about the only man who has ever trained for a great fight relying upon his own strength of character to keep him from injuring his chances by indiscretion. The trainer is

hunter," said our young hero; so without any parleying he purchased a rifle, some ammunition and a camping outfit, and forming a partnership over a "mug of bitter," they started for Moruruland.

Bob's first experience was anything but a pleasant one, for it almost resulted in his death.

One morning he and his partner were tramping the bush together, when the latter caught sight of a "Wallabee," a small species of a kangaroo. Bob was walking in front at the time, when the animal rose in the air to clear an obstacle. Quick as a flash Bob's partner drew a bead; but instead of the bullet going in the direction of the "Wallabee" it grazed the side of Bob's head and buried itself in the trunk of a tree not two feet away.

Bob thought the shot was intentional, and that his companion was anxious to give him a leaden pill, so as to rob him of a little money that he carried.

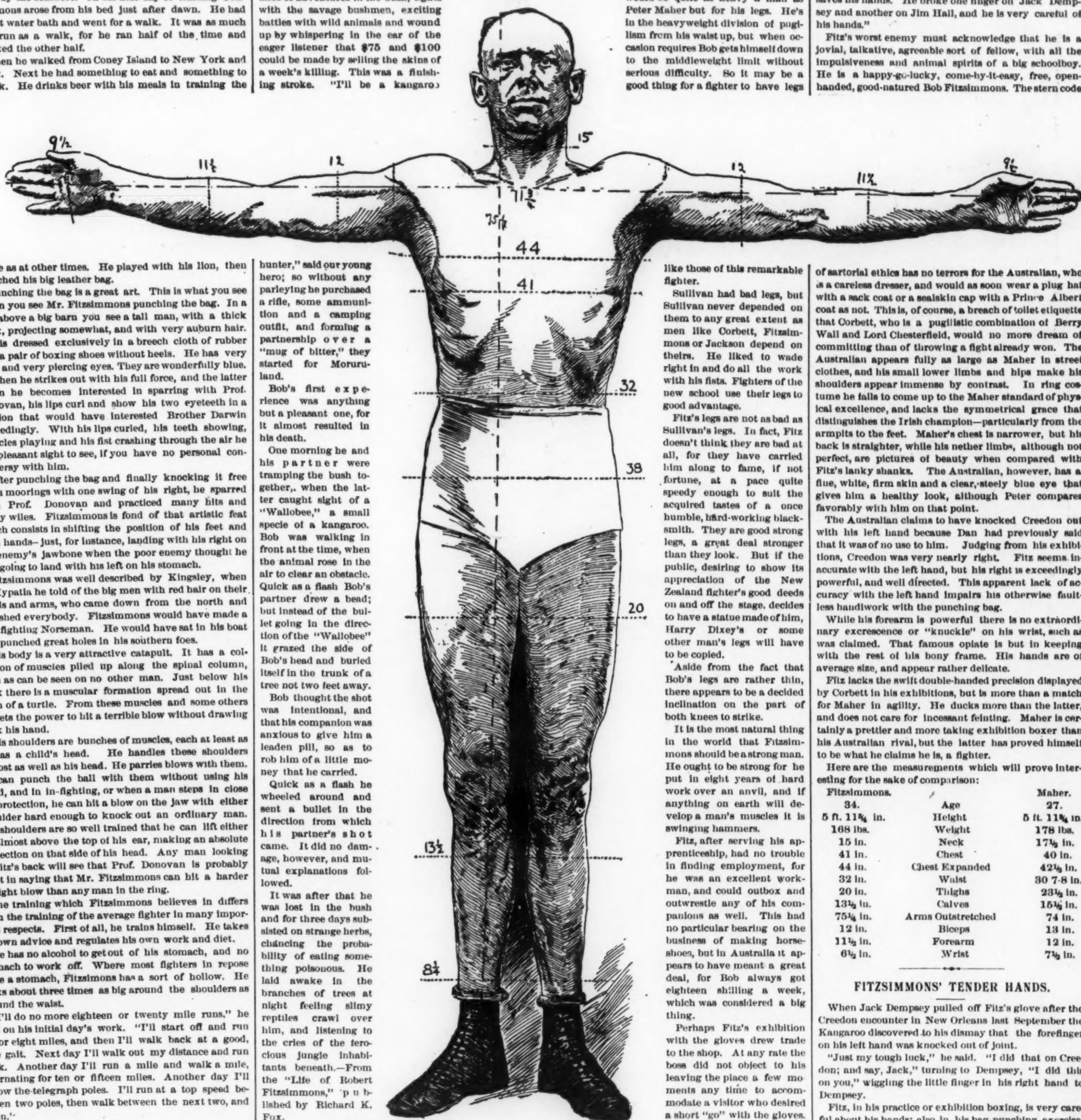
Quick as a flash he wheeled around and sent a bullet in the direction from which his partner's shot came. It did no damage, however, and mutual explanations followed.

It was after that he was lost in the bush and for three days subsisted on strange herbs, chancing the probability of eating something poisonous. He laid awake in the branches of trees at night feeling slimy reptiles crawl over him, and listening to the cries of the ferocious jungle inhabitants beneath. From the "Life of Robert Fitzsimmons," published by Richard K. Fox.

This book contains in detail all the important incidents of Fitzsimmons' life from the time he left his home in England to go to Australia, his ring record there embodying a graphic description of his battles. His career in America is romantically disputed, particular reference being made to his introduction to sporting life here; his fights with Jack Dempsey and Maher.

FOUR BIG FIGHTS

In the next issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. Dixon-Marshall, Walcott-Collins, Leeds-Everhardt, Barry-Murphy. You can't afford to miss it. 10 cents at all newsdealers.



Robert Fitzsimmons.

like those of this remarkable fighter.

Sullivan had bad legs, but Sullivan never depended on them to any great extent as men like Corbett, Fitzsimmons or Jackson depend on theirs. He liked to wade right in and do all the work with his fists. Fighters of the new school use their legs to good advantage.

Fitz's legs are not as bad as Sullivan's legs. In fact, Fitz doesn't think they are bad at all, for they have carried him along to fame, if not fortune, at a pace quite speedy enough to suit the acquired tastes of a once humble, hard-working blacksmith. They are good strong legs, a great deal stronger than they look. But if the public, desiring to show its appreciation of the New Zealand fighter's good deeds on and off the stage, decides to have a statue made of him, Harry Dixey's or some other man's legs will have to be copied.

Aside from the fact that Bob's legs are rather thin, there appears to be a decided inclination on the part of both knees to strike.

It is the most natural thing in the world that Fitzsimmons should be a strong man. He ought to be strong for he put in eight years of hard work over an anvil, and if anything on earth will develop a man's muscles it is swinging hammers.

Fitz, after serving his apprenticeship, had no trouble in finding employment, for he was an excellent workman, and could outbox and outwrestle any of his companions as well. This had no particular bearing on the business of making horse-shoes, but in Australia it appears to have meant a great deal, for Bob always got eighteen shillings a week, which was considered a big thing.

Perhaps Fitz's exhibition with the gloves drew trade to the shop. At any rate the boss did not object to his leaving the place a few moments any time to accommodate a visitor who desired a short "go" with the gloves. As there was no charge for this, the shop had numerous visitors, and Fitz's time was

pretty well taken up. His arms have helped to make a fortune since he left the blacksmith shop, but the "ow" business has relieved him of the greater part of it.

From an artistic standpoint, Maher's arms are far and away ahead of Fitz's. They have never been exposed to the sun a great deal and are not freckled. The other fellow's are covered with big yellowish freckles, but the skin in his forearm is so dark that the freckles can scarcely be seen. Fitz's arms are a trifle longer, and

of sartorial ethics has no terrors for the Australian, who is a careless dresser, and would as soon wear a plug hat with a sack coat or a seakink cap with a Prince Albert coat as not. This is, of course, a breach of toilet etiquette that Corbett, who is a pugilistic combination of Berry Wall and Lord Chesterfield, would no more dream of committing than of throwing a fight already won. The Australian appears fully as large as Maher in street clothes, and his small lower limbs and hips make his shoulders appear immense by contrast. In ring costume he fails to come up to the Maher standard of physical excellence, and lacks the symmetrical grace that distinguishes the Irish champion—particularly from the armpits to the feet. Maher's chest is narrower, but his back is straighter, while his nether limbs, although not perfect, are pictures of beauty when compared with Fitz's lanky shanks. The Australian, however, has a fine, white, firm skin and a clear, steely blue eye that gives him a healthy look, although Peter compares favorably with him on that point.

The Australian claims to have knocked Creedon out with his left hand because Dan had previously said that it was of no use to him. Judging from his exhibitions, Creedon was very nearly right. Fitz seems inaccurate with the left hand, but his right is exceedingly powerful, and well directed. This apparent lack of accuracy with the left hand impairs his otherwise faultless handwork with the punching bag.

While his forearm is powerful there is no extraordinary excrescence or "knuckle" on his wrist, such as was claimed. That famous oplate is but in keeping with the rest of his bony frame. His hands are of average size, and appear rather delicate.

Fitz lacks the swift double-handed precision displayed by Corbett in his exhibitions, but is more than a match for Maher in agility. He ducks more than the latter, and does not care for incessant feinting. Maher is certainly a prettier and more taking exhibition boxer than his Australian rival, but the latter has proved himself to be what he claims he is, a fighter.

Here are the measurements which will prove interesting for the sake of comparison:

Fitzsimmons.		Maher.
34.	Age	27.
5 ft. 11½ in.	Height	5 ft. 11½ in.
168 lbs.	Weight	178 lbs.
15 in.	Neck	17½ in.
41 in.	Chest	40 in.
44 in.	Chest Expanded	42½ in.
32 in.	Waist	30 7-8 in.
20 in.	Thighs	23½ in.
13½ in.	Calves	16½ in.
75¼ in.	Arms Outstretched	74 in.
12 in.	Biceps	13 in.
11½ in.	Forearm	12 in.
6½ in.	Wrist	7½ in.

FITZSIMMONS' TENDER HANDS.

When Jack Dempsey pulled off Fitz's glove after the Creedon encounter in New Orleans last September the Kangaroo discovered to his dismay that the forefinger on his left hand was knocked out of joint.

"Just my tough luck," he said. "I did that on Creedon; and say, Jack," turning to Dempsey, "I did this on you," wiggling the little finger in his right hand to Dempsey.

Fitz, in his practice or exhibition boxing, is very careful about his hands; also in his bag-punching exercise, which he claims is the finest possible exercise for a boxer.

"LIFE AND BATTLES OF FITZSIMMONS."

This is the only authentic book printed; it has a most complete history of the Australian's career, price 25c., published by Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, N. Y.

THE COLORED SUPPLEMENT

Maher and Fitzsimmons in the ring. Free to all subscribers to POLICE GAZETTE. Send \$1.00 for 13 weeks subscription and secure this great prize ring picture.



FITZSIMMONS WINS THE BELT

DESPERATE RUSH AT CHAMPION FITZSIMMONS JUST BEFORE
END TO HIS DAY-DREAMS OF



BI FIGHT IN ONE ROUND.

FOR HE RECEIVED THE KNOCK-OUT BLOW WHICH PUT AN
OUGILISTIC PREMIERSHIP.

ANXIOUS SWEETHEARTS.

Mrs. Fitzsimmons gives reasons why Bob should win.

ARE CONVINCING ARGUMENTS

A Dimpled Little Irish Lass has Faith in Sturdy Peter.

WHICH ONE WILL BE MADE HAPPY?

Interest in the big fight between Maher and Fitzsimmons extends to the women folk throughout the country by reason of the fact that while one of the contending pugilists is married to a wife who enjoys the sweet felicity of domestic happiness, a certain little Irish lass with a roughish twinkle in her black eyes, waits with feverish anxiety the outcome of the battle, for if the Dublin boy wins it means that the time is not far distant when the two will walk to the altar to be blessed in the sanctity of union. Both Maher and Fitzsimmons have armies of friends and admirers, who assert most emphatically that they can not lose. They have substantial reasons for what they say, too.

But the wife of one and the sweetheart of the other. They are even more confident, and their certainty rests upon the rock of sublime faith. They have their reasons, too, and here they are:

Mrs. Fitzsimmons was quite well known in theatrical circles as Rose Julian.

Placed in the position of Mrs. Fitzsimmons, where she sees, day after day, the extraordinary care he takes of himself, no one can wonder when she says:

"I cannot for the life of me see how Bob can lose. I am not the least bit anxious about the outcome of the fight, for I feel certain that he will win. Of course, I know that Mr. Maher is a great fighter, but isn't Bob just as great?"

"On the day of the fight I know that I will be terribly nervous and will suffer a good deal more than the men in the ring. This is only natural, as it means so much to us. When Bob wins we will be rich. Why do I think Bob will win? Well, in the first place he has been in so many hard fights where his opponents were reckoned invincible, yet he defeated them all with comparative ease. Take his fight with Jack Dempsey, for instance. At that time Dempsey was considered a marvel; he was at his best, and I remember that at the time a theatrical manager was seriously considering the advisability of backing him against John J. Sullivan. That show how good Dempsey was when Bob defeated him, Dan Creedon, Jim Hall were all easily disposed of by Bob; so easily, in fact, that no one knows just how good Bob is. That will be shown, though, within a short time."

Mrs. Fitzsimmons accompanied her husband and his party to Texas, but remained at Galveston while the fight was in progress. She had bulletins sent to her by a special wire, which told the story of the contest, round by round. Mrs. Fitzsimmons personally attended to the preparation of the fighter's food while on the road and in Texas.

Of the little roughish dimpled Irish lass, who puts such sublime faith in the fistic prowess of the Dublin lad, how much it is regretted that sturdy Peter exacted a promise from the writer not to reveal her name or any circumstances that would serve to embarrass her. When Maher was in New York just before departing for Texas to train for the fight he was given a rousing testimonial at Madison Square Garden. Among those present on that auspicious occasion was the Irish champion's sweetheart. She occupied a private box not where she could be gazed at by the curious morbid throng, but in a retired secluded corner where she attracted no attention, she sat and calmly awaited Peter's appearance. It was while sturdy Peter was preparing for the stage that the writer found an opportunity to get her views upon the probable outcome of the fight.

"Oh, I don't know much about this fighting business. I only know that Peter is big, brave and loyal to me, and if this fight that he is preparing for will gratify his hope and ambition to be the foremost pugilist in all this great big world of course I can only hope that he will win; but there seems to be something revolting in two big strong men standing up with only one thought, the absolute annihilation of the other," and the little dimpled beauty screwed up her nose into anything but a semblance of itself as she contemplated the scene of blood and carnage that would involve the defeat of one, and the victory of the other.

"Peter tells me that he will win. He says he has made a study of Fitzsimmons' methods since their fight at New Orleans and is confident that he can reverse the decision given on that occasion. He says he has got cleverer, too! I don't just exactly know what that means in a pugilistic sense, but he says it means that he has learned to be skillful in administering punishment. Oh I do so hope he will win, don't you?"

Before a reply could be vouchsafed a tumult of applause shook the vast amphitheatre from pit to dome and the crowd swayed to and fro as a giant form attired in bright green elbowed his way toward the stage. It was Peter and as he stepped upon the stage to acknowledge the plaudits of his countrymen, bowing to the left and right, he cast one glance in the direction of the box where the girl of his choice sat smiling sweetly upon him.

There was an affectionate parting in a brownstone mansion in upper New York on the day the Irish champion left for Texas. Pledges were pledged and

promises made and whether Peter wins or loses the love of his little Irish lass will be his just the same.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

These are the Conditions which Governed the Great Fight.

Articles of agreement to govern a glove contest to a finish between Robert J. Fitzsimmons, of Newark, N. J., and Peter Maher, of Pittsburg, Pa.:

First.—It is agreed by the persons above named that between noon and 6 o'clock on the 14th day of February, 1896, they will contest a fair, stand-up battle with five-ounce gloves, under Marquis of Queensberry rules, to decide the heavyweight championship of the world, a purse of \$10,000 to be given by Dan A. Stuart, of Dallas, Tex., and the "Police Gazette" championship belt.

Second.—The said Dan A. Stuart agrees to deposit \$3,000 with a temporary stakeholder on this date, Dec. 5, 1895, the remaining \$7,000 to be deposited on Feb. 9, 1896, with a final stakeholder, to be selected by mutual agreement between the said Robert J. Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher, as parties of the first part, and Dan A. Stuart, party of the second part. The said final stakeholder to be selected on the 14th day of January, 1896. In the event of the said Fitzsimmons and Maher failing to agree upon a final stakeholder, the selection to be made by the said Dan A. Stuart.

Third.—Dan A. Stuart on behalf of Robert J. Fitzsimmons, and John J. Quinn on behalf of Peter Maher, agree to deposit with a temporary stakeholder the sum of \$1,000 each to guarantee the appearance in the ring of the said Fitzsimmons and the said Maher at the time and place selected for the encounter. The appearance money (so called) to be transferred to the final stakeholder on the 15th day of January, 1896. In the event of either Fitzsimmons or Maher failing for any reason to contest the battle, he shall forfeit his \$1,000 appearance money to the party of the first part who shall have fulfilled his part of the agreement.

Fourth.—The said Robert J. Fitzsimmons and the said Peter Maher further agree that the \$10,000 purse shall be given to the winner of the contest.

Fifth.—The said Dan A. Stuart further agrees, as the party of the second part, that if, for any reason, he fails to fulfill his agreement to provide a battle ground, or in any way fails to fulfill his part of this agreement to facilitate the meeting of the said Fitzsimmons and Maher, without interference, he shall forfeit the \$10,000 placed by him in the hands of the final stakeholder, same to be divided equally between the said Fitzsimmons and Maher.

Sixth.—It is further agreed between the said Peter Maher and the said Robert J. Fitzsimmons that the location of the battle ground shall be made by the said Dan A. Stuart. The said Stuart agrees to inform the said Maher and Fitzsimmons of the place selected at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 13th day of February, 1896.

Seventh.—The selection of a referee of



Peter's Little Sweetheart.

the contest to be made on January 14, 1896, by mutual consent of the said Fitzsimmons and Maher. In the event of Fitzsimmons and Maher failing to agree upon a referee, the selection to be made by the final stakeholder.

Eighth.—All privileges pertaining to the contest to be at the absolute disposal of Dan A. Stuart.

MAHER'S TERRIFIC RIGHT.

Peter Maher is said to hit a harder right hand blow than any other man in the profession of pugilism. The hand is small, delicately formed, and almost as symmetrical as a woman's, but it is a remarkable right, more remarkable even than the right of John L. Sullivan, which for many years was regarded as the most dangerous hand that was ever used in the ring.

As a two-handed fighter the Irish champion is thought to have few if any equals. His left is almost as effective as his right and he has learned how to punch straight out instead of swinging in the old wind-mill fashion.

When Maher first came here in October, 1890, he didn't bring much of a record along with him. He was a strong, good-natured fellow, willing to try his hand at any of the American ring celebrities.

Maher's fists may always be depended upon, for he has never injured them, and is consequently not handicapped, as Mitchell and Corbett have been, by bad hands. It is a source of satisfaction to him, therefore, to know that if he lands with either fist his fights will not last too long to prevent him from participating in any theatre party engagements he may have made.

"I like to get through with my work as soon as possible," says the Irishman. "The public don't care for long fights."

WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE

POLICE GAZETTE for reports of the Dixon-Marshall, Walcott-Collins, Leeds-Everhardt, and Barry-Murphy fights. 10 cents. All newsdealers.

PUGILISTIC MEMOIRS.

History of Fighters from Days of the First Champions.

RISE AND FALL OF THE SPORT

Recollections of Old-Time Gladiators and Their Methods.

DATES THAT ARE VALUABLE.

The prize ring in the days of the early champions, Tom Hyer, James (Yankee) Sullivan, John Morrissey and John C. Heenan—the Benecia Boy—was a thriving



Mrs. Robert Fitzsimmons.

institution up to the year 1877, when the trickery and dishonesty practiced by the pugilists and countenanced and sanctioned by their backers in several of the great pugilistic events, gave it a set back from which it never fully recovered.

In 1880 Richard K. Fox, of Belfast, Ireland, gave the prize ring a boom by arranging a match between John L. Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., and Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., better known as the Troy Giant. A match was arranged between these giants of the arena for \$5,000 a side and the championship, and this match was duly consummated. Richard K. Fox backed Paddy Ryan, who held the title of champion.

The representative of Mr. Fox, was present when the match was made and also at the fight, when he gave Ryan \$1,000, on behalf of Mr. Fox, to bet in the ring, which made the total amount of the stakes fought for \$12,000.

Since that time there have been numerous battles with gloves, but there has not been any battle fought for the championship of America, according to orthodox London rules, which govern all such contests, and which are the only rules by which the championship may be fought for or defended by a champion or challenger.

Therefore, fistic contests between famous ring men are of rare occurrence, and matches of the kind were generally looked upon with distrust, even by the very sporting men who formerly upheld the prize ring when it was in its palmiest days.

Tom Hyer, an American born, was the first champion of America. He held the title against all comers. Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought for \$10,000 and the championship at Still Pond Creek, Maryland, on Feb. 7, 1849. It was a hurricane fight, and Hyer whipped Sullivan in 16 rounds, lasting 17 minutes 18 seconds. Hyer retired from the ring, and Yankee Sullivan succeeded him. Sullivan fought John Morrissey for \$2,000 and the title at Long Point, Canada, on Oct. 12, 1853. Sullivan had his opponent whipped, when a wrangle ensued, and the crowd broke into the ring. Morrissey kept in his corner, and Sullivan left the ring and lost the fight. The battle lasted 53 minutes, during which time 37 rounds were fought. Sullivan went to California and was murdered in prison by the Vigilance Committee.

The next battle for the championship was between S. S. Rankin and Dominick Bradley, both giants, hailing from Philadelphia, Pa. The men fought at catch weights, according to London prize ring rules, for \$1,000 a side and the title, at Point Albino, Canada, August 1, 1857. Bradley won in 152 rounds, lasting 2 hours 58 minutes.

John C. Heenan then came into note in 1855, and he fought John Morrissey May 20, 1857, at Long Point, Canada, for \$2,000 and the championship. It was a desperate battle, and Morrissey won in 11 rounds, lasting 21 minutes.

Morrissey then retired from the ring and refused to fight Heenan, who challenged the world, and the def-

led to the great battle between Sayers and Heenan, which was fought in England in 1860, and which Heenan won; but he did not receive the honors he was entitled to. Heenan fought King after his unsatisfactory fight with Tom Sayers, and was again defeated. Heenan then retired from the ring, and Joe Coburn was the next champion.

Coburn was challenged by Mike McCoolle, of St. Louis, Mo., and a match ratified for \$2,000 and the championship.

McCoolle and Coburn fought for the title at Charles-town, Md., May 15, 1863. Coburn won in 63 rounds in 1 hour and 10 minutes. Coburn was then matched to fight Jem Mace for \$5,000 and the championship. Coburn went to Ireland to meet Mace on October 4, 1864, but the fight did not take place, Mace being afraid of Coburn's regulations. Coburn then retired for the first time from the ring.

Bill Davis, of California, then claimed the championship, when James Dunn, of Brooklyn, picked up the gauntlet and they made a match for \$2,000 and the title. The battle was fought in Pike County, Pa., May 16, 1865. Dunn won in 43 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 6 minutes. Dunn retired and Davis claimed the championship.

Mike McCoolle finally disputed Bill Davis' right to the title, and made a match for \$2,000 and the championship. The fight took place at Rhodes Point, Mo., September 19, 1866. McCoolle won in 34 rounds in 34 minutes. Aaron Jones then challenged Mike McCoolle to battle, for \$2,000 and the championship.

A match was arranged and the men fought according to London prize ring rules, at Busenark Station, Ohio, August 31, 1867. McCoolle won in 34 rounds, lasting 26 minutes.

The next battle for the title was between Tom Allen, of St. Louis, Mo., and Bill Davis, of California. They fought for \$2,000, at Foster's Island, St. Louis, Mo., on January 12, 1869. Allen won in 43 rounds.

Tom Allen challenged Jem Mace, Coburn and McCoolle. The latter accepted and a match was arranged. The men were to fight near Cincinnati, but it was a fiasco, no referee being selected. Jem Mace then went to England and on his return to America brought Joe Goss with him. Goss was matched to fight Tom Allen for \$2,000 and the championship. The fight took place on Sept. 7, 1876, in Kentucky. The pugilists fought in two rings, the first being erected in Kent and the second in Boone county. Twenty-one rounds were fought in 53 minutes and Goss was declared the winner by a foul.

Jimmy Elliott and Johnny Dwyer fought for \$1,000 a side and the championship, on May 9, 1879. Dwyer won in 12 rounds, lasting 12 minutes, in Canada.

On May 30, 1880, Joe Goss and Paddy Ryan fought for \$1,000 and the championship of America, at Collier Station, W. Va. Ryan won in 87 rounds in 1

hour and 27 minutes. Tom Allen beat Mike McCoolle at Chateau Island, near St. Louis, in 7 rounds, lasting 20 minutes, on Sept. 23, 1873.

On Feb. 7, 1882, John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan fought for \$5,000 and an outside bet of \$2,000. Sullivan won in 9 rounds, lasting 11 minutes. The battle took place in Mississippi City, Miss.

Since Sullivan won the championship, Feb. 7, 1882, there has not been any battle fought for the title in America up to Jan. 1, 1888, owing to the fact that the then acknowledged champion, John L. Sullivan, time and again refused to battle with bare knuckles according to London rules, although on several occasions many of the heavyweights in the arena, both in England and America, challenged him.

In June, 1887, Jake Kilrain having failed to compel Sullivan, the champion, to meet him in a match for \$10,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, representing the championship, claimed the title of champion of America, and was presented with the trophy.

In the meantime Richard K. Fox, backer of Kilrain, the champion, matched him to fight Jem Smith, the champion of England, for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world.

The battle was fought at Island St. Pierre, France, Dec. 19, 1887. The American champion had the best of the encounter, winning first blood, knock-down and fall, and would have won, only darkness put a stop to hostilities after 106 rounds had been fought in 2 hours 31 minutes.

In 1888 Richard K. Fox agreed to again back Jake Kilrain to fight Jem Smith, the champion of England, for the "Police Gazette" belt and the championship of the world. The English champion declined to fight, and Kilrain still reigned the champion.

John L. Sullivan returned from England in the fall of 1888, and challenged Kilrain to fight for the championship of the world and \$10,000 a side.

Kilrain, being the champion, had to accept the challenge within thirty days from the date it was issued, as Sullivan had posted a forfeit of \$5,000.

Richard K. Fox agreed to find \$10,000 for Kilrain, and the former, through his representative, covered Sullivan's \$5,000, and it was agreed that the pugilists or their representatives should meet at Toronto, Can. in January, 1889, to arrange the match.

The fight was decided at Richburg, Miss., 100 miles from New Orleans, La., on July 8, 1889. Sullivan weighed 212½ pounds; Kilrain 178 pounds. 75 rounds were fought according to London prize ring rules, when Mike Donovan, one of Kilrain's seconds, threw up the sponge, and the referee declared Sullivan the winner. This was the last battle fought according to London prize ring rules for the championship.

On September 7, 1892, James J. Corbett, of San Francisco, Cal., and John L. Sullivan fought for a purse of \$25,000, a wager of \$10,000 and the championship of the world. The fight was decided in the Olympic Club, New Orleans, La. 21 rounds were fought when Corbett knocked Sullivan out and won the championship of the world.

SET OF POLICE GAZETTE BOXING GLOVES.

All the champions use them. Prices \$4.00, \$6.00 and \$7.50 per set of four gloves. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

PETS OF THE PUGILISTS.

Fitzsimmons is Very Proud of His Wrestling Lion, Nero.

ALMOST TOO BIG TO HANDLE

Maher has a Handsome Pair of Bull-Terriers to Romp With.

BUT THE LION IS THE STAR.

The companionship of man very often becomes monotonous to pugilists in training and the "jolly" given them by their attendants (part of the business of training of course) soon becomes wearisome and objection-

Leeds of Atlantic City, N. J. Both men are aspirants for the lightweight championship title and it is obvious the winner of this battle foresees the likelihood of fighting Kid Lavigne for the honor. Everhardt has already fought Lavigne and a memorable encounter it was, as the 6,000 people who sat within the amphitheatre of the Seaside Athletic Club at Coney Island, May 30 last, will attest. This was the most important battle of the many that the Southern lad had fought, and although the referee's decision was against him, he gained the reputation of being one of the gamest men that ever stepped into a ring.

Nineteen rounds of the stiffest kind of punching only caused him to smile. The twentieth round showed a surprising reversal of form. He took the initiative in landing and so effective were his left-hand jabs which he used for the first time, that he almost equalized matters, if he did not really do so.

Everhardt, in the opinion of many good judges of boxing, might have won had he fought Lavigne with more wisdom in the early rounds. At any rate he has tried several times since to secure a return match with Lavigne, but the latter, remembering the stiff punching he received, has steadfastly declined to consider his challenges. Everhardt is a finish fighter rather than a limited round boxer. He has two good hands and knows how to use them effectually. He can take a lot of punishment too, and never seem to know when he is hurt. He says he has learned a lot since he fought Lavigne the last time, and is most anxious to



Maher and His Pet Dogs.

able. Then it is that the fighter finds solace and companionship in his faithful dog. Sometimes it is an animal of the pet variety which has no other quality to recommend it than being something pretty to look at; a souvenir perhaps, or a gift from some friend. But the pugilist loves gameness and what is more natural than that he should have about him an animal possessing some of the characteristic which he himself possesses. Corbett's collies attracted quite as much attention from visitors to his training quarters as the champion himself. They were his companions on the long walks and runs which constitute part of the daily work; when he bathed they frisked about in the water beside him; when he exercised in his gymnasium, punched the ball, wrestled with McVey, boxed with O'Donnell or played hand ball with young Joe Corbett, the collies always occupied a corner out of harm's way from which they could look the situation over, and who knows but in their doggy way they exchanged views regarding Jim's condition.

Now if Peter Maher has one weakness it is for a bull-terrier, and his training routine always includes two or three. They are English terriers, too, but Peter insists that they "haven't a drop of English blood in them but are pure Irish to the backbone." The phrase is traditional about a "darkey's love for a yaller dog," and some of the "yaller dogs" that Jerry Marshall brings around the training quarters furnish pretty good meat for "Peter's pups," as John Quinn, his manager, calls them.

Bob Fitzsimmons has a "baby" lion, Nero, for a pet. Nero is a pretty good-sized baby lion. He weighs 200 pounds. Fitz came into possession of the brute last Summer when he was training at Coney Island. Nero was then about six months old, and did not weigh much more than 125 pounds. Nero used to be with a circus. He was too young to do any tricks. There were lots of trick lions in the same show. Nero had quite as sharp an appetite as the performing beasts. The boss of the show probably could not see the justice of giving Nero as much meat as he gave the useful animals in his collection. So the young lion had to be contented with half rations.

Fitz had no other lions. Nero therefore had all he could desire in the way of choice cuts of beef since he got a new master. The young lion went to Texas with Bob with the rest of the training outfit.

He went in a fine large cage which had been built especially for him, and he proved a good drawing card at all of the stations at which Fitz stopped off. He made matters very interesting at one place, when he grabbed his owner by the leg and made a pretty good bluff to chew that limb off. Incidentally Fitzsimmons thought that the lion would be pretty good to wrestle with, and the two got in the habit of mauling each other pretty thoroughly. The lion is still growing and it is now a question as to how much longer the red-haired fighter will be able to manage his jungle friend.

FOR LIGHTWEIGHT HONORS.

What promises to be an eventful encounter will be between Jack Everhardt of New Orleans, and Horace

Leeds of Atlantic City, N. J. Both men are aspirants for the lightweight championship title and it is obvious the winner of this battle foresees the likelihood of fighting Kid Lavigne for the honor. Everhardt has already fought Lavigne and a memorable encounter it was, as the 6,000 people who sat within the amphitheatre of the Seaside Athletic Club at Coney Island, May 30 last, will attest. This was the most important battle of the many that the Southern lad had fought, and although the referee's decision was against him, he gained the reputation of being one of the gamest men that ever stepped into a ring.

Leeds is a New Jersey product, having been born in Atlantic City. He made his debut as a pugilist in the amateur ranks, winning the championship on two successive occasions from the best lightweights that could be found to go against him. Since graduating as a professional his most remarkable battle was against Young Griffo, before the Seaside Athletic Club last March. Leeds is undoubtedly one of the most accomplished exponents of the new school of boxing now before the public. Had he contented himself in boxing the Australian cleverly during the early part of the bout he would have been in condition to finish with him in a more satisfactory manner, but he made the same mistake that all of Griffo's opponents seem to make, that of taking advantage of his dissipated condition to knock him out in a few rounds. Leeds went at him at the outset like a house afire and in four rounds almost fought himself to a standstill without doing any appreciable damage to the Australian. The latter bided his time, and when he found the Jerseyman's blows lacking in vigor, he began to do a bit of fighting on his own hook and readily outpointed him.

The fight was desperately contested, and Griffo showed how versatile a fistic artist can be, by fighting Leeds in an entirely different way from that in which he fought McAuliffe and Dixon. He had a full appreciation of Leeds' punching powers, and knew that it would be suicidal for him to content himself with trying to ward off his opponent's blows. He decided to meet Leeds at his own game; and after the latter tired he became the aggressor. There was a limit to his punching powers; and he appreciated his inability to hit hard enough to put his rival out, so he contented him with scoring points of a scientific character, and these together with his great ability for evading punishment, prejudiced Referee Hurst in his favor, and justified the latter in awarding him the honors.

Leeds was something of a disappointment to many who had seen him box so cleverly on previous occasions. In comparison with the Australian, he was a mere tyro. The tricks, feints and devices that he worked, to draw his opponent, were lost upon the clever Antipodian, and the latter showed him a trick or two of the same kind, that will be worth remembering.

Against Everhardt, Leeds' cleverness will probably show to advantage, although the Southern lad will test his courage before the fight ends.

The Maher-Fitzsimmons colored Supplement number of POLICE GAZETTE can be had at all newsdealers or from this office, 10 cents.

THE COLORED SUPPLEMENT

Maher and Fitzsimmons in the ring. Free to all subscribers to POLICE GAZETTE. Send \$1.00 for 12 weeks subscription and secure this great prize ring picture.

THE ART OF BAG PUNCHING.

Maher and Fitz Pride Themselves on Their Ability.

IT IS A FAVORITE PASTIME.

Ideas of the Fighters in Regard to Suspending the Sphere.

MEN WHO ARE CLEVER AT IT.

All the pugilistic champions pride themselves on their cleverness with the "ball," and Corbett, Creedon, Maher, Ryan, Fitzsimmons and Choyinski assert superiority over one another. Their work is a grand exhibition of skill, agility, quickness of motion of the hands, arms, legs and eyesight.

It is the most popular form of exercise with professional boxers and the exercise is becoming more and more a "fad," writes "Rob Roy" in the Boston Post. There is something tempting in the very appearance of the smooth leather ball as it hangs suspended, just at the right height for an arm reach, and the man who can pass it without an inclination to give it a punch is not wholly human.

In all well-fitted gymnasiums punching bags are a part of the athletic apparatus, and they are also well in use among private individuals, who make no claim to be boxers, and have no ambition in that direction. We have also many female athletes who have become quite proficient in "bag punching," and they heartily indorse it as a healthful means of development and a pleasant recreation.

Of all the men I ever saw punch the bag, for all-around work, biggest number of moves, grace, style, rapidity in the hands, elbows, legs, body and head, and length of exhibition, I think that Champion Bobby Dobbs heads the list.

Speaking of his work, Dobbs says that "punching the bag" properly is a science, and one must keep at it continually to keep up to a standard of proficiency. Neglect to practice regularly will show itself quickly when a person resumes exercise after keeping away from it for a time. I have seen Dobbs work at the ball for a full hour without a moment's rest, and throughout it all his every move was skill, cleverness and expertness in the fullest sense of the words. During the past year Dobbs has spent many hours a day in mastering the art of punching the bag.

It is claimed that Hiram Cook, of San Francisco, made the first punching bag. He got the idea from Mike Donovan, who at the time was training in California for a fight with McClellan. Donovan took an ordinary cow's bladder, blew it up, and tied it to the ceiling with a rope. Then he banged away at it as long as it lasted, and he found it so satisfactory that he kept his trainers busy securing bladders from slaughter houses in the vicinity of San Francisco. Thus Donovan is really the originator of the punching ball, although it was Cook who took the idea and improved upon it.

Many excellent changes and improvements have been made in perfecting the bag during the past few years.



Fitzsimmons and His Lion, Nero.

John Ramsey, of Cleveland, made the first big improvement. He patented one which was an oblong bladder incased in a sack made of flannel, with fancy cover. It had a rope attachment from the ceiling and a rubber attachment from the floor. This made an excellent exercise for home use, but proved too slow for professionals. Corbett was the first man to use the light bag, with platform, outside of a gymnasium. The idea was taken up rapidly, however, and now all the professionals are on the alert for new ideas and improvements.

The improved disks, or platform, are six feet square, and are generally put at a height of from 6 feet 6 inches to 7 feet 2 inches, according to the size of the man. Some of the champion boxers have 12 to 20 inches of rope, from which the bag is suspended from the disk or platform. The shorter the rope the quicker the rapidity of the ball. Dick Moore uses the shortest length of rope of any man I ever saw. He does not want over 6 inches. Dan Creedon, who hits the ball with terrific force, does not use over 10 inches of rope. Corbett, Fitzsimmons,

Ryan, Choyinski and others use in the neighborhood of 15 inches or so.

The bags are made of selected calfskin, and a process of stretching is gone through with before the bag is framed. Each piece is carefully selected, and the greatest precaution is taken to have the pieces the same weight and the same grain; also, to frame the grain in the same way, so that, in case of additional stretching, it will be uniform.

The bag which finds the most favor to-day weighs, inflated, with the regular bladder and all attachments, less than 15 ounces. It is not the heft of a bag which makes it valuable. Every part of the bag is hand-made, and is sewed with waxed silk. The way the champions punch a bag the ordinary machine-sewed bag would not last very long.

A WOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS.

What She Thought of Fitzsimmons' Home Life on Coney Island.

This is the story of a woman who called on Fitzsimmons when he began his training on Coney Island. On entering I was ushered into a neat and cozy parlor, furnished with all taste and refinement. Numerous portraits of the pugilists adorn the mantels and walls, and in each can be observed the grit and perseverance of the original.

Mrs. Fitzsimmons came into the parlor and welcomed me most graciously. She is a very pretty woman, rather plump and jolly looking. Her eyes are blue and sparkling; her complexion is brilliant and her soft brown hair clusters in tiny rings around her forehead. Her manners are most pleasing, and while she gossiped with me about Bob it became very evident that she is more than a trifle proud of her big husband.

Bob was out, but returned while I sat there and I was introduced to him by his wife. He kindly consented to be interviewed and led the way into the dining-room where we chatted for a while. I have not much of an idea about pugilism, and it was hard for me at first to ask any questions concerning it. But the big fighter soon began talking about himself and his training in an easy, conversational way.

He looked like a giant as he sat there in an easy chair and smoked, his massive form showing to advantage in a heavy sweater, and he seemed a perfect picture of health.

At my request he showed me his training quarters, the gymnasium back of the house being fitted up with everything essential for exercise and rigorous training of the muscles. The gym contains punching bags, dumbbells, Indian clubs, chest and wrist machines, a handball court and the numberless other things necessary for his work. A medicine ball—an enormous cannon ball, really—stood against the wall, and is thrown occasionally for a change.

Bob punched the bag for me in twenty-five different ways—all sorts of upper-cuts and other pugilistic methods being demonstrated; he hit the bag until it fairly spun, and I grew tired just watching him, for I knew it must take an enormous amount of energy to do this, but the big fellow stood there, and kept it up for a long while without any apparent effort whatever.

Then the heavy clubs were swung as though they were but a few ounces in weight, and the chest and wrist machines were used for a few moments. I pitted any man who had to stand up before this big pugilist. Just for fun I put on the gloves and gave him a timid rap, while Mrs. Fitzsimmons sat and laughed at me.

As an assistant, Fitzsimmons has secured the services of his brother-in-law, Martin Julian.

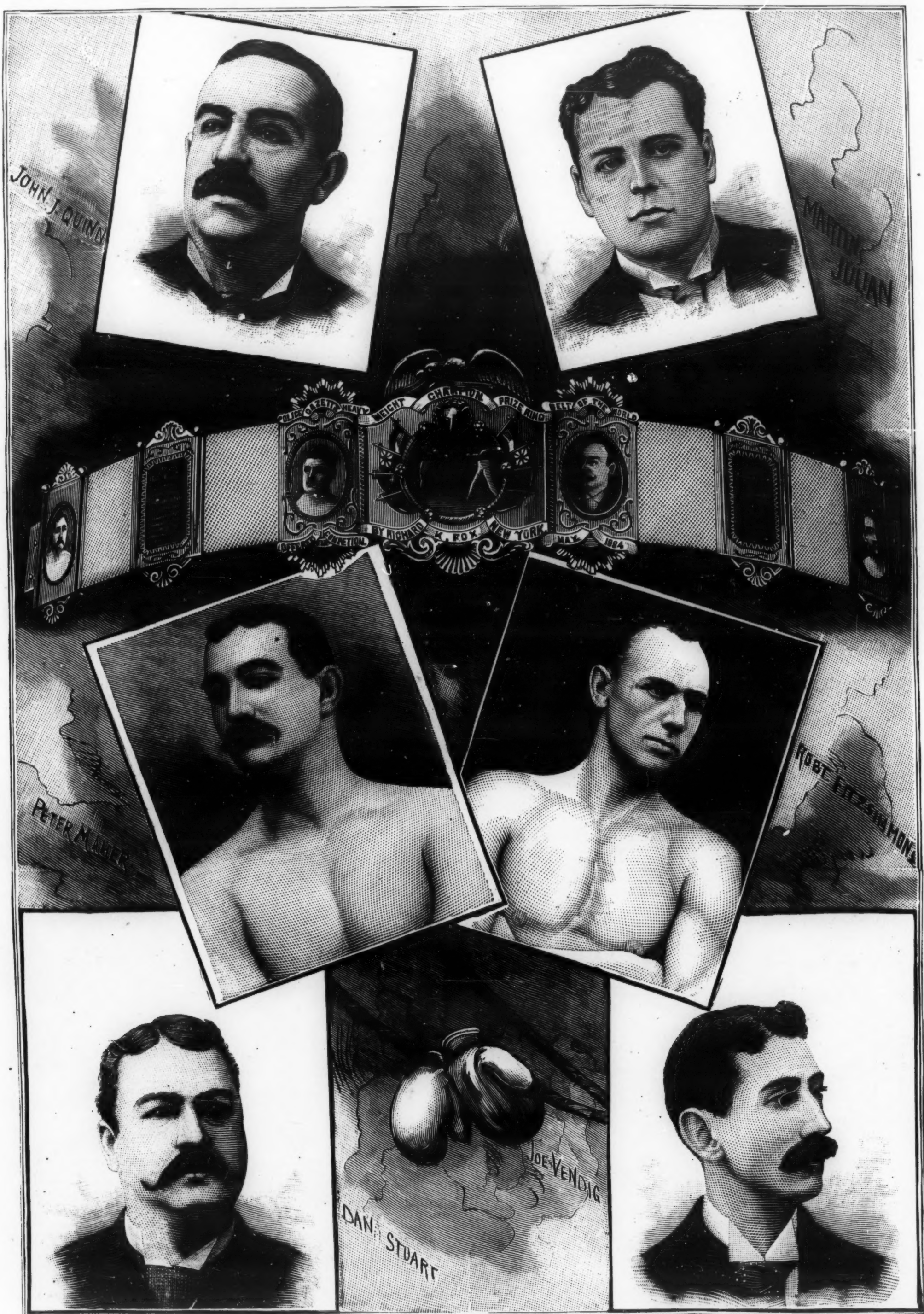
Mr. Fitzsimmons informed me that he doesn't believe in the old style of training, where a man either ate what he didn't like or went without. On the contrary, he eats and drinks whatever and whenever he feels like it.

His mode of training is simple, sensible, and evident-

ly effective, if the fine condition of the man is any proof. He arises generally at seven or thereabouts, drinks a sherry and egg, and then takes a short walk to sharpen his appetite. On his return he disposes of a hearty breakfast, consisting of tea or coffee, steak or chops, and sometimes eggs, besides the other breakfast dishes that most people have. After breakfast he does nothing in particular for awhile, lounges around for an hour or two and perhaps attends to his chickens, of which he is very fond. Then he repairs to the gymnasium and goes through a set of exercises, including sparring, punching the bag, throwing the ball, etc. After this is over he is ready for his dinner. This consists of a hearty meal of roast beef, mutton or lamb, a great variety of vegetables, and, usually, beer.

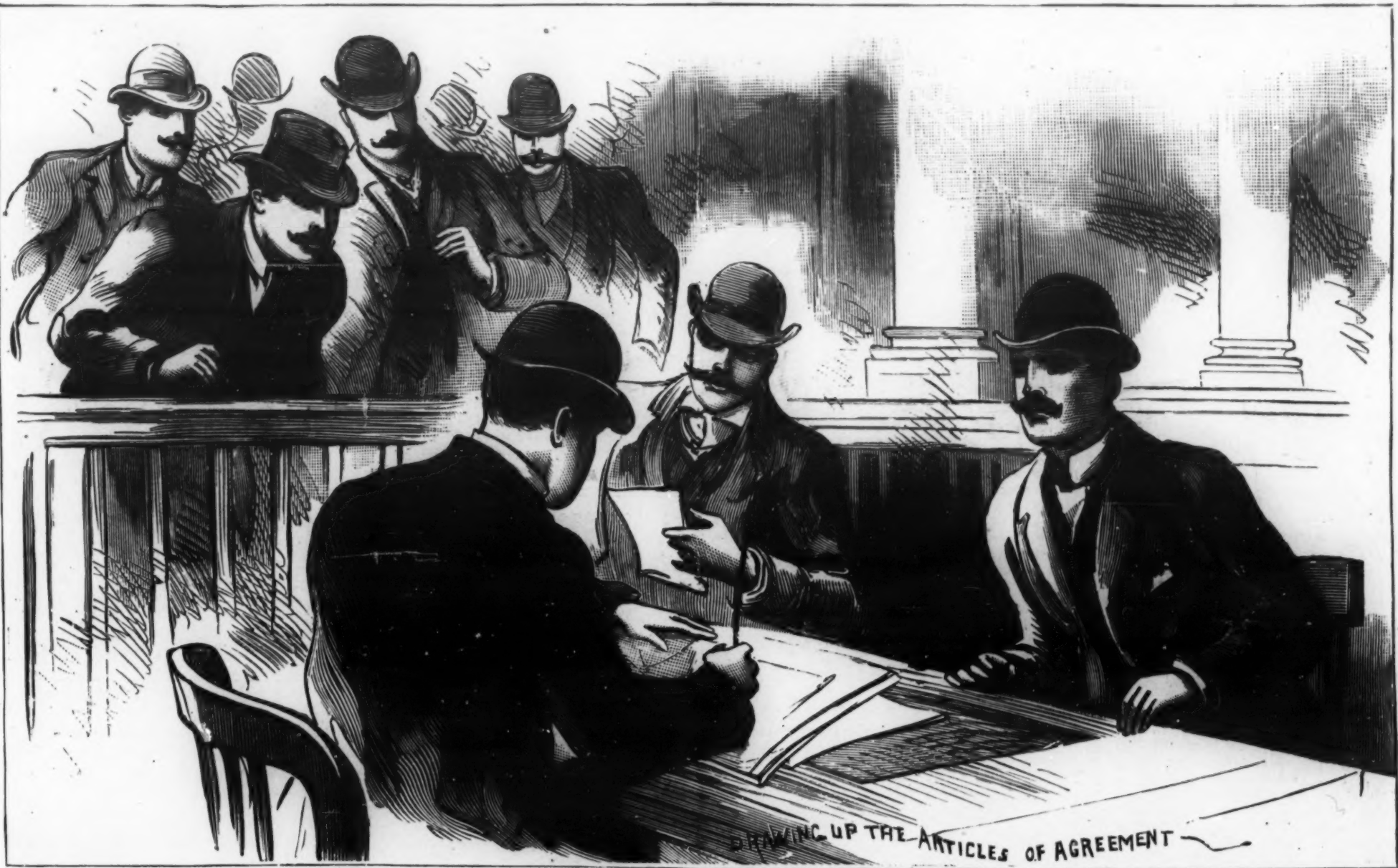
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DRAWING UP THE ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT FOR A PURSE OF TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AND THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPIONSHIP BELT.

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of Drinks at the Grand Cafe,
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The above is a good picture of Timothy J. Goulding, one of the most popular bartenders of the Brooklyn Tenderloin district; he is very popular with the theatrical profession and a thorough sport; he is located at the Grand, cor. Concord and Washington Streets.

MAHER'S TRIBUTE TO JOHN L.

He Speaks of the Splendor of the Great Bostonian's Achievements in the Ring.

Speaking of pugilism the other day Peter Maher said:

"Before that once incomparable pugilist entered the lists and won his way to fame, boxing was dead. There was not a real, live, bona fide champion in America, England, Ireland or Australia, the four countries of the world in which pugilism is a distinctive sport. The splendor of the great Bostonian's achievements, however, fired the strong, courageous men of the world with zeal to emulate his example. Then sprang up in a remarkably short space of time a lot of earnest and clever gladiators, all of whom were eager to become champion in their respective classes. Principal among these were Charley Mitchell, Jim Smith, Jack Burke and Ted Pritchard, of England; Jim Corbett, Jake Kilrain, Dominick McCaffrey, Mike Cleary, Joe Choyinski, Joe McAuliffe, Jack Dempsey, Jack McAuliffe, Tommy Ryan, Billy Smith and George Dixon, of America; Peter Jackson, Frank P. Slavin, Joe Goddard, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Hall, Billy Murphy and Young Griffo, of Australia, and your humble servant from the Green Isle across the sea.

"John L. Sullivan, indeed, by force of his example and the boom he gave pugilism, practically drew forth the latent talent of these men. He caused a fistic revival such as the world had never seen before, and if this carnival is a success Dan Stuart will have given a greater impetus to the manly art than ever John L. did. Boxers will come from all over the world to participate in American tournaments, whether those tournaments be held in Texas or just across the border in Mexico. In a minor degree it will have a stimulating effect upon boxing in Australia, England and even Ireland. Smaller prizes, to be sure, will be offered in those countries for boxers to contend for, but they will have the effect of bringing out the best trial horses over there, and the real champions, the winners of 'hard-fought contests, will come over to America to win, or rather to try to win, the real rewards of pugilism."

BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIGHT.

A Pen Picture That is Familiar to Patrons of Pugilistic Battles.

Muffled to the ears in a dark blue sweater, the heavy-weight sat in his dressing-room. A couple of frowns denoting concentrated thought appeared in the narrow space between his eyebrows and hair. He was about to enter the ring and expose his chin to the deadly knock-out blow.

Near this magnificent human brute hovered his trainer, also attired in a sweater and keenly alert to every move and sound. The suave gentleman in the role of financial backer, who manipulates the gate receipts, was also there, trying to appear gay and debonaire, but palpably anxious. At the bolted door stood a fawning tin-horn sport without a penny in his pocket, but with good prospects of fondling a couple of dollars if things went right. He knew the heavyweight from having seen his picture in the pink periodicals, and worshipped him accordingly.

The dressing-room contained little beside the heavy-weight and his friends. In one corner was a wide cot of rough boards hastily knocked together, on which the pugilist reclined, thinking that he thought. On a table opposite stood a number of bottles containing whisky, alcohol and liniments. There was also a sponge, some fans and towels, and under the table a tub of ice.

Outside could be heard the roar of the rabble at \$6 per head, enjoying the preliminary bout as seen through the murky haze of tobacco smoke. The event of the evening—the meeting of the heavyweights—was next on the programme. A favored few gained admittance to the dressing-rooms, for there were two or three retreats. Substantial-looking men in cheese-colored overcoats and diamonds a shade or two lighter crowded in to shake the hand of the thumper on whom they had staked their money, and to whisper a word of encouragement in his ear. Some who were not sports, but had friends in that line, gazed awestruck at the reclining gladiator and his array of fighting paraphernalia.

Having exhausted his oratory in making the match, the heavyweight had nothing to say, and those who did give vent to words spoke in subdued whispers. It was

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A despairing man, who had applied to us, soon after wrote:

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And another wrote thus:

"If you dumped a cartload of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

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a painfully solemn and impressive occasion. Now and then the trainer, lest he be overlooked in the shadow of the stellar attraction, clipped a bit of court plaster with which he tenderly dressed an imaginary scratch on the pickled paws of his employer.

Eventually the battle takes place, and at the end of an hour the heavyweights are back in their rooms. The winner is now the most voluble of the excited throng which crowds the small apartment to the door. He recapitulates every blow given and taken during the fight, and points out on the chin of the backer the exact spot on which he landed the final punch. Every body is delightfully happy, for they have won money, and call the backer familiarly by his first name. That astute individual is solicitous for the welfare of his trained animal, and presses upon him a drink of brandy from a very small and curiously wrought bottle. The shape of the flask creates the impression that the liquor is of a superior quality, distilled expressly for winning pug.

He is slow about dressing himself, is the victor, for the red welts and gouges on his neck, breast and arms enhance his popularity 100 per cent. But he affects not to notice these wounds and chats gaily about how he knew that dub wouldn't be in it with him, etc. They all finally depart, however, with the gate receipts, and spend the night in drinking champagne.

Across in the other dressing-room the dub sits blinking dizzily at vacancy. He shakes so that the trainer is unable to dress the fallen idol. There is no one present but the trainer and a couple of poor, but loyal friends, who had nothing to stake on the result. Even the backer has retired in disgust, and the blows of the sports who supported the loser before the fight, and which followed him as he was dragged, limp and beaten, from the ring, still sound in the purple ears of the vanquished man. His stomach has been hammered back and welded to his spine, both eyes are glued shut, his nose broken and swollen, and every bone and muscle in his pain-racked body aches.

In melancholy silence, disturbed only by the intermittent groans of the pugilistic ruin, his trainer rubs him down with camphor and arnica, occasionally pouring something from a black bottle into the throat of the sufferer. He still trembles like a man with palsy and is too weak and wobbly to stand without support.

After an hour of grooming, the victim of misplaced money, sodden with drink, is squeezed into his clothes, then bundled into a hack and spirited away through side streets and alleys to the oblivion of a Hamman bath. He is simply a whipped dog, with no more credit or standing than the bull pup chewed to a finish in a regulation pit. The other fellow is honored by the interviewers, and his remarks are wired to every portion of the civilized globe. Later on he opens a saloon and becomes a power in politics.

Prize fighting is a paying industry if you can keep your face away from the fists of the other fellow.

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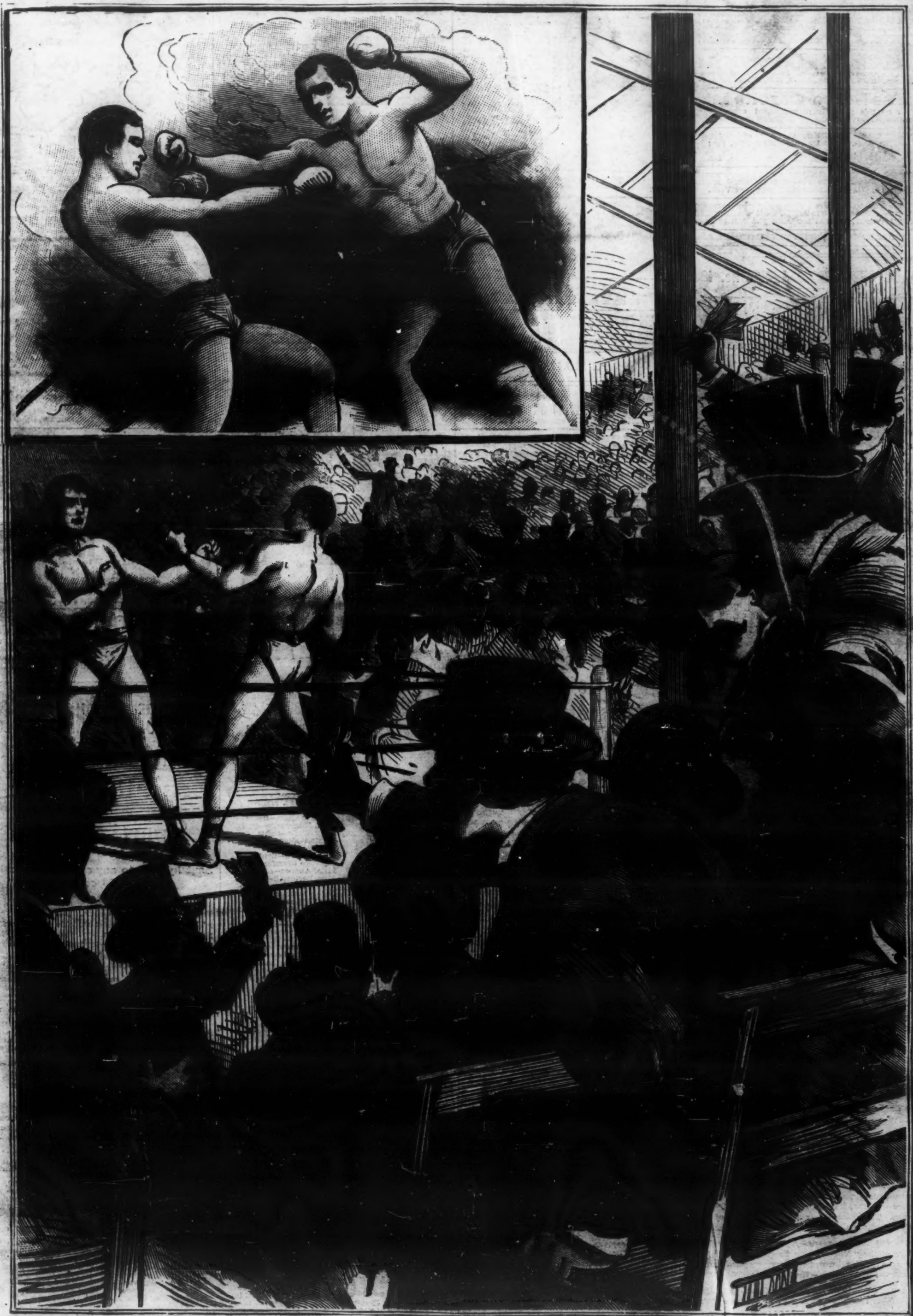
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